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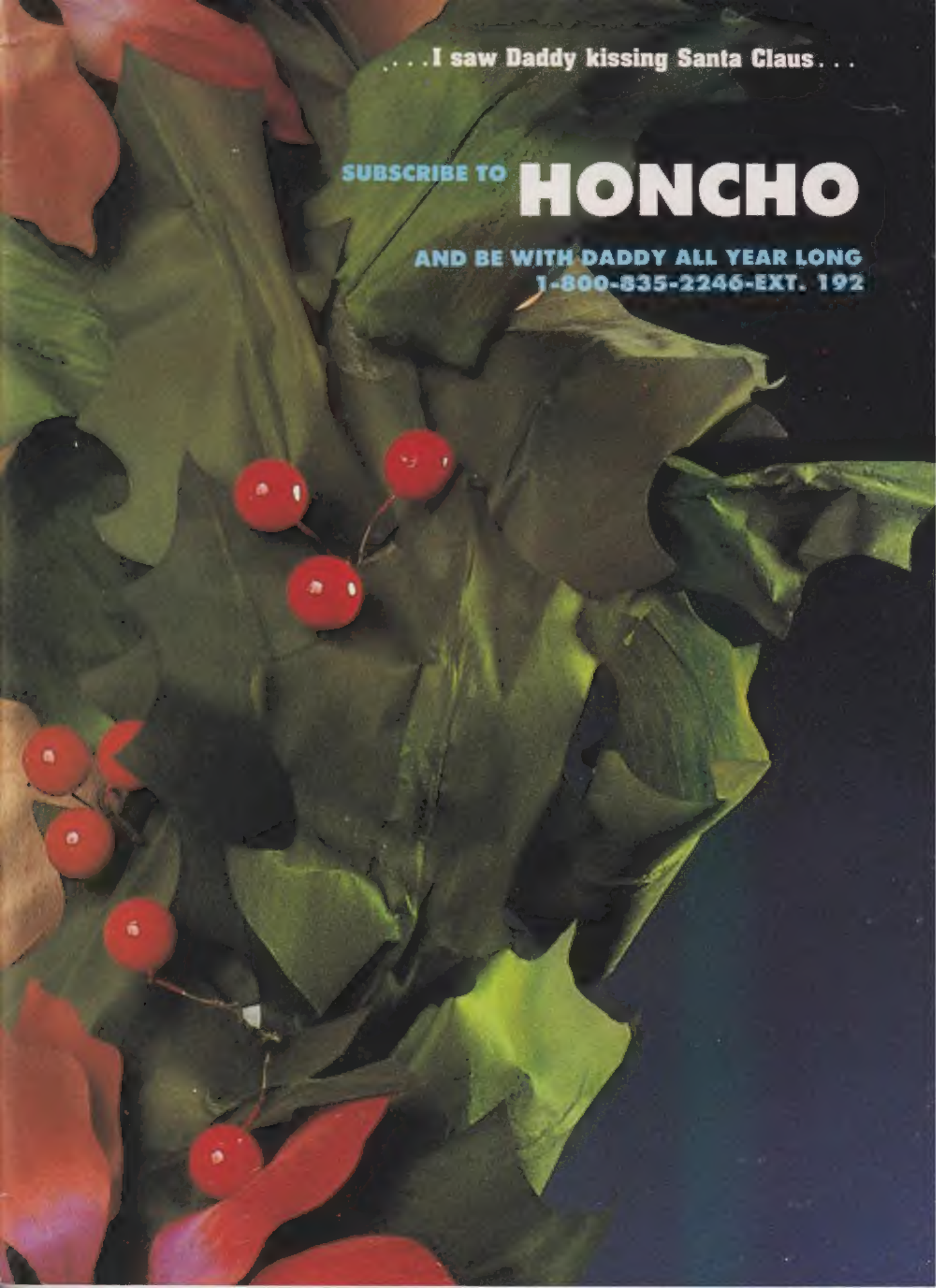
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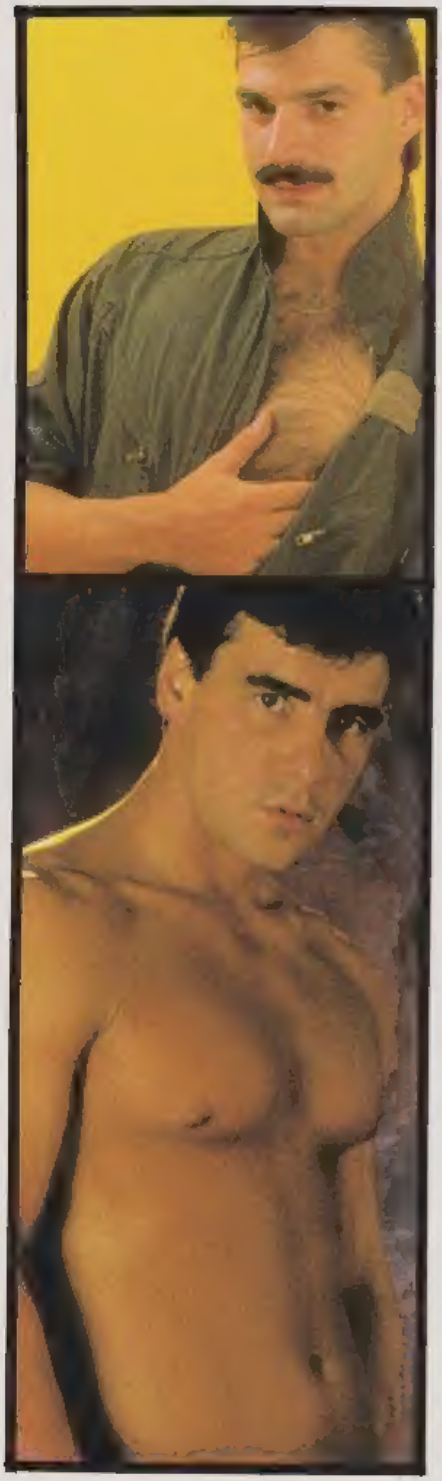

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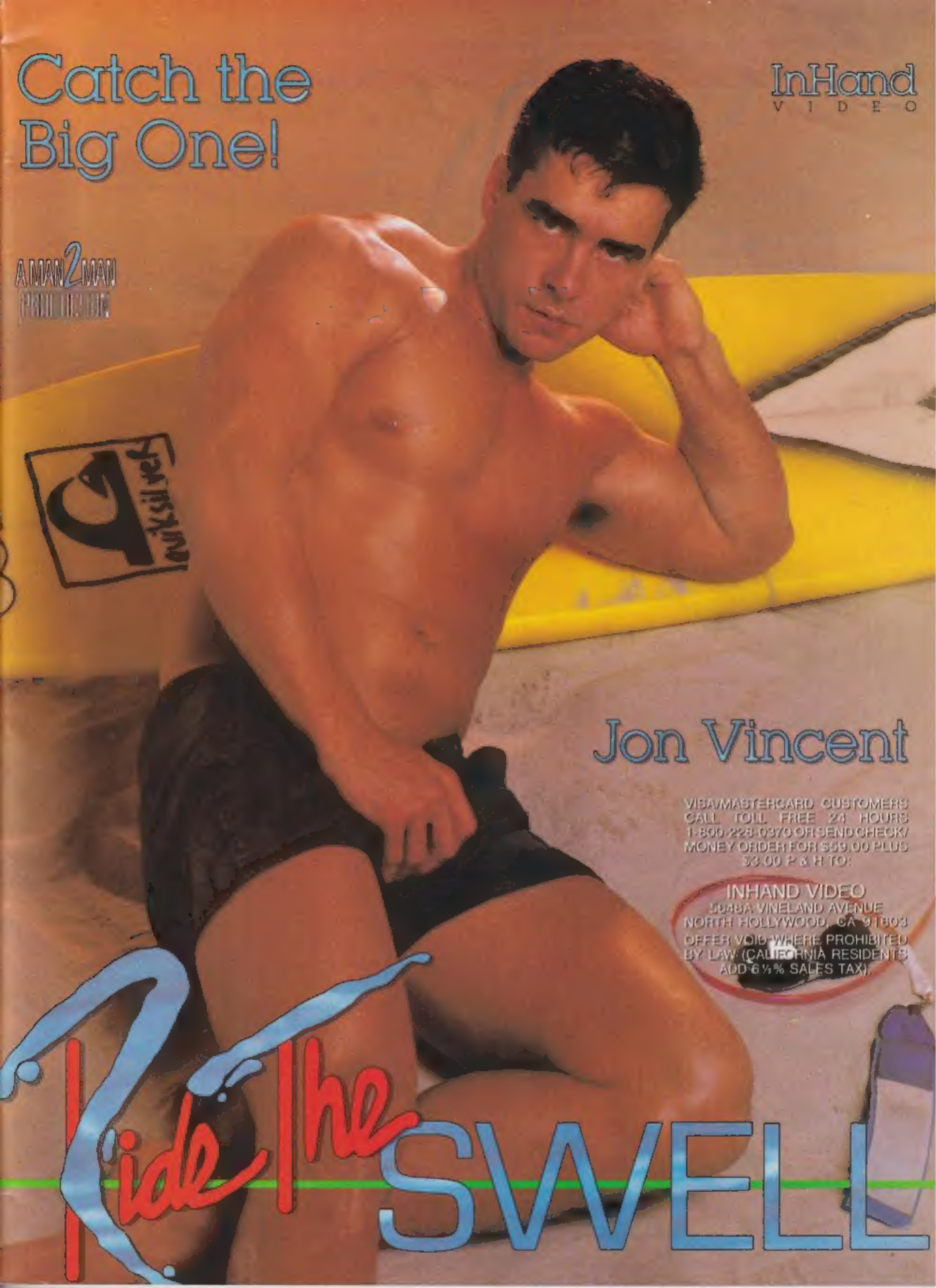
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It had been several years since Philip had driven this route, but he remembered it very well...

REST STOP

BY ROLAND GRAEME • PHOTOS BY NAAKKVE

The late-afternoon sunlight, penetrating the trees that lined either side of the road, fell upon the asphalt in a dappled pattern in front of the speeding car. The guy who was behind the wheel had to admit that it was a beautiful but rather boring drive, through the mountains of western Pennsylvania; once you got away from the rolling hills and farmland, the only purpose of the highway seemed to be to connect one tiny whistlestop town after another.

One thing that broke the monotony, however, were the porno stores, strategically stationed at regular intervals along the highway. Most of them were former gas stations that had gone out of business and been purchased by a chain of smut dealers. Painted in bright colors—mostly orange—on the outside, with their windows boarded up and with garish neon lights, they were warm, snug havens on the inside, where a guy could take a break from driving, buy a cup of coffee, and indulge in his every sexual fantasy, no matter how wild or perverse—at least on paper or videotape!

It had been several years since Philip had driven this route, but he remembered it very well. After all, some of the best sex he'd ever had, back in the days before everybody

He knew about a couple of discreet gay bars in the area, where he might be able to find somebody; but he was in no mood for prolonged, subtle eye-contact or small-talk tonight. He needed fast, efficient action!

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had accepted the need to be careful, had been with guys he'd met along this lonely stretch of highway—in diners, in taverns, at service stations and rest stops, and in the abovementioned porno stores!

He remembered one such stud in particular. Philip never exchanged last names with his tricks in those days, because of his paranoia about being exposed to his family or employers as a homosexual. So he'd known this guy only as Brian—despite their extremely intimate acquaintance, he thought salaciously, almost smirking at his erotic memories as he sat there behind the wheel of his car, daydreaming erotically while forcing himself to keep his attention on the road.

He'd picked Brian up, or Brian had picked him up—in any event, the physical attraction had been immediate and mutual—in one of the porno bookstores—in fact, one that lay only a few miles up ahead. It was on a particularly isolated stretch of the interstate highway, the kind of place where truck drivers and hunters and tourists stopped off for a quick smut fix.

At the time, Philip was living in Pittsburgh, managing one of his company's operations there. He hated it, and the fact that the city had a fairly large gay community only made it worse for Philip, who hadn't quite come out of the closet yet and so was afraid to circulate openly in those neigborhoods or hangouts.

His job required him to make overnight trips in the area, which meant staying in motels. On the evening he'd met Brian, Philip had been in a sexual fever ever since he'd completed his round of business meetings at the end of a long work day. He knew that he didn't want to drive directly back to the small motel room he'd be sleeping in that night. He desperately needed a man's body and cock to relieve the accumulated tensions of the day, to relieve his gnawing restlessness and frustration.

As he almost instinctively drove toward the bookstore, which he remembered passing earlier in the day, he was struck by a perversely exciting sense of danger as he realized what he was trying to do. A pick-up...not exactly a street pick-up, at least; but still fraught with danger. Thanks to a gay guidebook he'd purchased, he knew about a couple of discreet gay bars in the area, where he might be able to find somebody, but he was in no mood for prolonged, subtle eye-contact or small-talk tonight. He needed fast, efficient action!

At the very least, he told himself as he parked his car in the gravel lot, walked into the bookstore and began to inspect its wares—and the few other customers—he would be able to buy a dirty magazine, take it back to his motel room with him, and jerk off over the photos of naked men engaged in whatever sexual acts he chose. That ought to help him fall asleep in the strange bed.

Like the clerk and the other customers, Philip was startled when a Pennsylvania State Trooper pushed open the front door and strutted in, quite nonchalantly. The first thought that entered Philip's mind, of course, was that the guy had come into the store to raid it, to make a bust. Maybe the local politicians were putting pressure on the cops to crack down on retail smut peddlers. God, they wouldn't actually arrest any of the customers, would they?

Not that Philip would have particularly minded being busted by this particular officer of the law, who was exceptionally attractive. He could put his handcuffs on Philip, any day!

He was younger than Philip by a few years, probably new to the force and no older than twenty-two or three; he was a tall, strapping youth in uniform, with a marvelously clear, pale complexion and oddly veiled, evasive blue eyes. His black hair was neatly cropped and gleamed under the harsh ceiling lights of the store.

"Relax, guys," he said loudly, with a big grin. "I'm off duty...I'm here to look, just like the rest of you."

There were a few nervous chuckles from the other patrons, who then buried their heads in magazines again. The clerk, who was no fool, offered the trooper a free cup of coffee, which he sipped as he wandered up and down the aisles.

He didn't notice Philip at first; he was too busy devouring the photos of naked, erect men in a magazine entitled "Ten Inches Plus!" which he took off a shelf. Philip couldn't understand why the stud was so interested in the nude models in the magazine, when he seemed to be sporting ten inches or more of thick, solid prick himself! The lump in his uniform pants simply defied belief!

Philip observed him for a moment, fascinated by his youthful, masculine beauty, by his polished knee-high boots, by the Sam Browne belt that criss-crossed his torso, and, most of all, by his complete lack of embarrassment or even self-consciousness as he carefully examined one gay porno magazine after another, drinking his coffee all the while.

Finally, after noting that the bored-looking clerk was ignoring everbody in the place, Philip had sidled up to the trooper and "accidentally" brushed against him while pretending to examine the other magazines on the same rack.

"Sorry, officer," Philip had grunted, flashing the trooper a broad, inviting grin.

Those curiously sexy eyes left the page on which a thick pink cockshaft was surrounded by a wet pair or hard-sucking lips under a

The trooper lay against him, caressing Philip's cock with long, hard rubs of his calloused hand. His mouth found Philip's nipples and sucked almost painfully on them as Philip stiffened, savoring the intense pleasure...

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blond mustache, and focused slowly on Philip's face—then swept up and down his body with the same thoroughness with which they'd perused the magazine, taking in his expensive clothes and the hard-muscled young body beneath them.

"That's all right," the trooper said awkwardly.

"Hot magazine, huh?"

"It's giving me a hard-on," the younger guy said bluntly. "I may end up buying it, taking it back to my place with me, and using it to jerk off over before I try to fall asleep tonight. I've had a rough day, and I need to drop a load or two."

Philip realized at once that he had stumbled across a true soulmate! He was glad that the other guy wasn't at all coy about his own sexual needs. They talked in undertones, and it didn't take him more than a couple of minutes to persuade Brian to follow him back to his motel in his patrol car for a quick sex session!

"What do you want to do?" Brian demanded eagerly, the moment the front door of the small, but comfortable, motel room was closed behind them.

"Let me see your cock!" Philip blurted out shamelessly, as he switched on a lamp beside the television set.

The trooper grinned at him as he raised his hands to fumble with the large, heavy buckle on his gun belt. Opening it, Brian let his hand drop to the fly in the front of his tight uniform pants, where that big, thick genital lump that had attracted Philip's attention back in the smut store now betrayed Brian's growing arousal.

Philip held his breath and listened to his heart pounding away inside his chest as he watched the other stud rip open his zipper, as he returned Philip's stare and his smile got broader.

"You've got to strip, too," Brian whispered. "I want us to do it naked, buddy!"

Philip undressed, too. Brian was faster than he was, already standing there stark naked, posing as unself-consciously as any of the male models in the fuck magazines, as Philip stepped out of his undershorts and reached down to finger his own long, stiff hard-on lustfully, his eyes devouring the trooper's pale, lean body.

Now, Philip could see that, if anything, Brian's erection was bigger than it looked inside his pants, back at the bookstore! Christ, he was hung! And it had been weeks since the last time Philip had dared to go out on the town in Pittsburgh and get himself laid! His own cock and balls were turgid with hot, pulsating blood, aching with their violent need to unload!

"Are you into men in uniform, man? Have you ever tricked with a cop or a state trooper before?" Brian asked casually.

"No, never," Philip admitted.

"It doesn't turn you off, does it? You look nervous."

"No—hell, no," Philip gasped. Brian was all man, but Philip couldn't help thinking about the risk they were both taking; what if their respective colleagues ever found out what the two men were doing together, in this motel room! "I'm just excited," he blurted out, which was certainly no lie.

"Do you like what you see?" Brian teased, taking his dick in his hand, aiming its thick round head at Philip, and playing with the shaft, rubbing it with his palm until the whole erection twitched and pulsed in his light grip.

"Oh, shit," Philip heard himself gasping. "Oh...fuck!"

He lay down on the floor, on the rug, flinging his arms over his head to keep himself from masturbating to orgasm then and there.

"Come here, Brian. Lie down on top of me. Hurry. Oh, hurry!" he begged, writhing on the rug as Brian's strange eyes brightened with expectation.

The trooper lay against him, caressing Philip's cock with long, hard rubs of his calloused hand. His mouth found Philip's nipples and sucked almost painfully on them as Philip stiffened, savoring the intense pleasure. He was still new enough to gay life, to gay sex, to be surprised by his own body's capacity for pleasure, by the intense feeling his tits possessed, by how responsive they were to stimulation. He kissed Brian wildly, sticking his tongue deep inside the other man's open, salivating mouth, which seemed to welcome the kiss with passionate hunger, sucking back against the pressure of Philip's lips.

After a few minutes of this mutual delight, the trooper broke the kiss, knelt between Philip's legs and forced them back, high over his body, and then began to lick the stiff length of Philip's prickshaft—paying special attention to its swollen, flushed head, which was already leaking a stream of slimy, salty pre-cum.

With a grunt, Brian took the cockhead in his mouth, thrusting it into the moist lining of his cheek, and then swallowing it deep into his throat, until his lips were locked around the very base of the shaft and his nose was pressed into Philip's balls. He'd evidently learned a great deal by looking at those sex magazines!

Philip's back arched and spasmed with quickly mounting excitement as he got sucked. The cop's youth was belied by his obvious experience at cocksucking ...somewhere, somehow, he had learned how to give another man a blow job with an expertise that was a credit to Pennsylvanian law enforcement!

The solid body on top of his came down without mercy, that horse-sized prick plowing deeply into his butt. The young Pennsylvania State Trooper's eyes were now bright and staring again, and his mouth hung open in moist slackness as he looked down at the stud he was penetrating so completely.

Philip abandoned himself to lurid fantasies of Brian at the troopers' training academy or barracks, strutting around naked with that incredible cock of his jutting out in front of him, kissing his fellow officers, fucking and sucking with them in his bunk—half a dozen male bodies locked together and writhing in the throes of orgiastic release...the room flooded with jets of freshly spurted, pungent-smelling semen...men licking each other's boots, sniffing each other's crotches and asses...coming, coming...oh, Jesus!

Philip rose up from the floor, his body wrenched by hot spasms of pure carnal ecstasy as he strained, gasping, under the sure suction of the other young man's lips. He reached down blindly and grabbed Brian's head in his hands, his fingers caressing his scalp through the sweaty strands of his close-cropped black hair, and pushed that tormenting mouth all the way down on his shaft, driving his cockhead deep into Brian's gurgling, half-protesting throat.

The tendons in Philip's neck stood out like taut anchor cables holding a ship to its dock in a high wind as the unbearable blast of liquid heat flowed through his loins and then into Brian's wantonly suctioning mouth and throat.

"Take it, I'm coming!" Philip yelled hoarsely, as he began to surrender his thick, hot cum. "Oh, Christ! I'm coming!"

Brian's eyes closed as he swallowed the last spurts of Philip's unusually generous explosion of potent liquid. When he was sure that he had sucked Philip dry, his head fell back and lolled about almost drunkenly on his shoulders as his throat worked, swallowing the salty cream that Philip had force-fed him, exulting in its distinctive, stinging taste.

Scarcely pausing to catch his breath, he slithered in between Philip's legs and locked his arms around them, lifting the other man's muscular body up.

"Now it's my turn," Brian panted, thrusting forward with his huge cock, pressing it in between Philip's buttocks, which were relaxed after his orgasm. "That's fair, isn't it, buddy? You want me to, don't you?"

"Yeah, fuck me—fuck me," Philip whimpered. He didn't even stop to think that being screwed by such a big prick might be more comfortable if they lubricated it first; Brian's awesome phallus was slippery with his own dripping jism, but his sudden, fierce invasion of Philip's tender asshole still cost the other man a few moments of intense, agonizing, blinding pain.

Philip's knees bent and pulled back until they were trapped under the trooper's sweaty armpits; the two men lay there on the floor, chest to chest, as Brian completed his ruthless penetration of Philip's unprepared and squirming ass.

The solid body on top of his came down on him without mercy, that horse-sized prick plowing deeply into his butt. The young Pennsylvania State Trooper's eyes were now bright and staring again, and his mouth hung open in moist slackness as he looked down at the stud he was penetrating so completely, obviously enjoying the look of mingled pain and pleasure of his willing victim's face.

He began to fuck Philip, hard and hot and fast, grunting and gasping for breath to fill his lungs as his cock pounded its way in and out of Philip's burning butthole. Under Brian, Philip's vision blurred, and his head rolled weakly to and fro on the rug they were fucking on.

"Screw me," Philip choked. He gasped, "Oh fuck me, cop! Fuck me hard! Make me feel it, big man, make it hurt a little! Yeah, go ahead hurt me, punish my asshole with your big, hard stud dick!"

"I'm going to come," Brian warned him with a rasping intake of breath. "Oh, hell, I'm going to come, man I can't hold it back, your fucking asshole's just too goddamn tight, too goddamn hot!"

Then, abruptly, it was over, in a series of convulsive squirts deep inside Philip's smoldering ass. He heard Brain snorting with orgasmic satisfaction on top of him, and then the trooper's body collapsed against him, and Philip stiffened in pain as the stud jerked his cock quickly out of his butt.

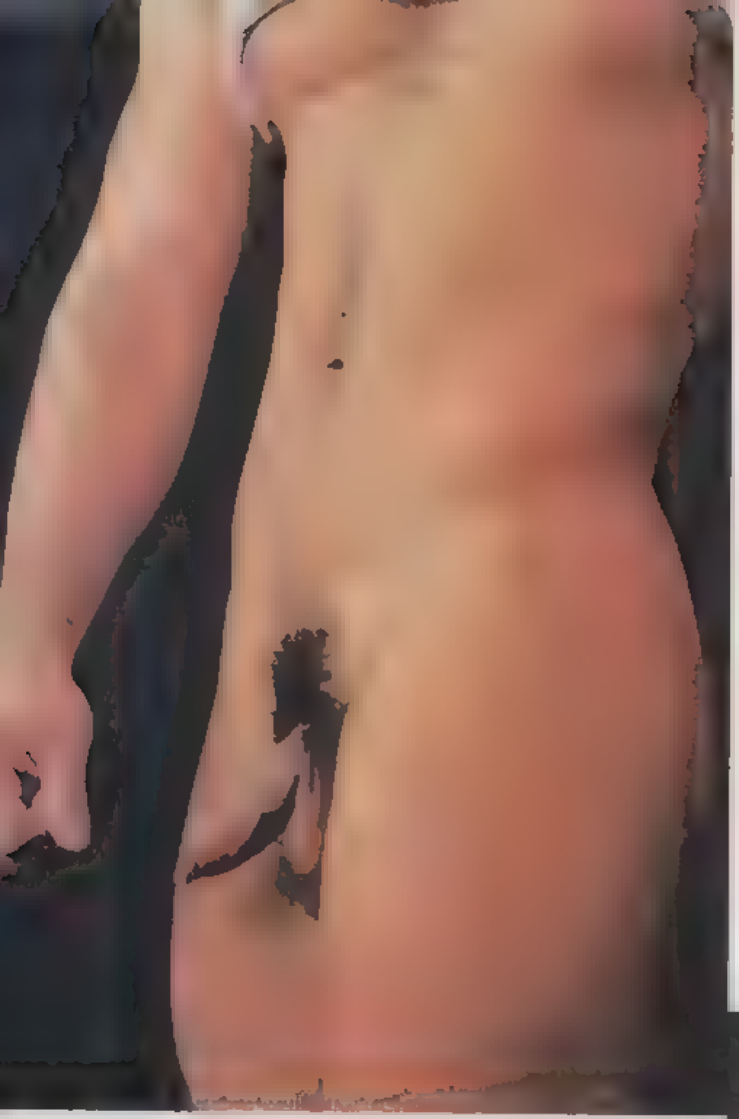
He knew that his asshole would be sore for days from the thorough reaming Brian had just given it. But it had been worth it! God, yes, had it ever been worth it, to be fucked by another man like that!

He lay there, nude, on the floor, watching Brian pull on his uniform and replace his gun belt and Sam Browne strap with the same dexterity with which he had gotten them undone in order to expose his body and whip out his massive cock. Philip sat up slowly as Brian seated himself on the edge of a chair for a moment in order to pull on his tall, polished boots. Philip wanted to say something, to beg Brian to stay, perhaps screw him again; but, alas...!

"I've got to get back on patrol," Brian explained breathlessly. "It's late, and when I stopped off at that bookstore I really didn't intend to try to pick up anybody. I'm really only supposed to be off duty for an hour, for dinner. I want to try to make a career out of this State Trooper crap, so I can't afford any touble with my C.O." He flashed Philip a conspiratorial grin. "Thanks for the fuck, it was great!" he said, as he went out the door

Philip got to his feet, but felt dizzy with lingering desire. He stag-

MUSCU
MASTER



Rest Stop

gered naked to the bed and fell down on it, on his back, his cock already grasped in his hand.

"Fuck me, fuck me," he gasped, as he beat off frantically, quickly working up a second load of jism and spraying it all over his belly and chest as his asshole contracted sharply, remembering how it had just been stretched and pummeled by the trooper's impossibly long, thick, and virile fuck tool. "Oh, God—please fuck me, cop!" Philip was moaning, as he squeezed the last drops of his ejaculation from his shuddering prick.

How often had he jacked off during the past few years, while reliving every lurid detail of that sex episode! Fifty times? A hundred? Two hundred? Whatever the exact count, the memory never failed to make Philip come like a geyser! Impulsively, the traveler decided to revisit the scene of the crime, confident that doing so could only give his libido a booster shot.

Philip smiled as he pulled into the porno store's parking lot. The place, incredibly, hadn't changed at all; but he was older and wiser now,

The tendons in Philip's neck stood out like taut anchor cables holding a ship to its dock in a high wind as the unbearable blast of liquid heat flowed through his loins and then into Brian's wantonly suctioning mouth and throat.

more sophisticated about gay life, so he wasn't at all surprised or put off when he saw a Pennsylvania State Trooper patrol car parked in the lot. He wondered if Brian was still on the force, and on duty in the area. Hell, it might even be Brian, his old fuck buddy, inside the store!

But it wasn't Brian; it was a young blond kid in uniform, nursing a very visible hard-on while he sipped his complimentary cup of coffee and examined a magazine filled with color photos of naked bodybuilders rubbing their oiled physiques together, playing with each other's stiff, swollen dicks, and fucking and sucking in every position imaginable—and then some!

This time, Philip didn't hesitate: he walked right up to the young, hot-looking trooper, and returned his big grin.

"Hot magazine, officer?" he asked, rather archly.

"I'll say!" the blond stud panted. "It's really giving me a hard-on man. I may end up buying it, taking it home with me, and jerking off over it a couple of times in a row before I fall asleep tonight!"

"That would be a waste," Philip said quietly. "I have a much better idea. I know this motel, right down the road... ■

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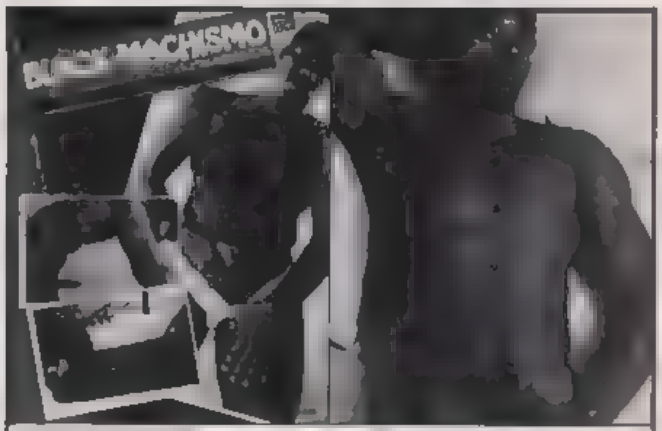

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His dick was thick, uncut and drooling. About the same size as mine, except I was cut, with a bulbous cockhead. His shaft was dark and his cockhead flared into pink. I thought I'd shoot right off when he grabbed my boner.

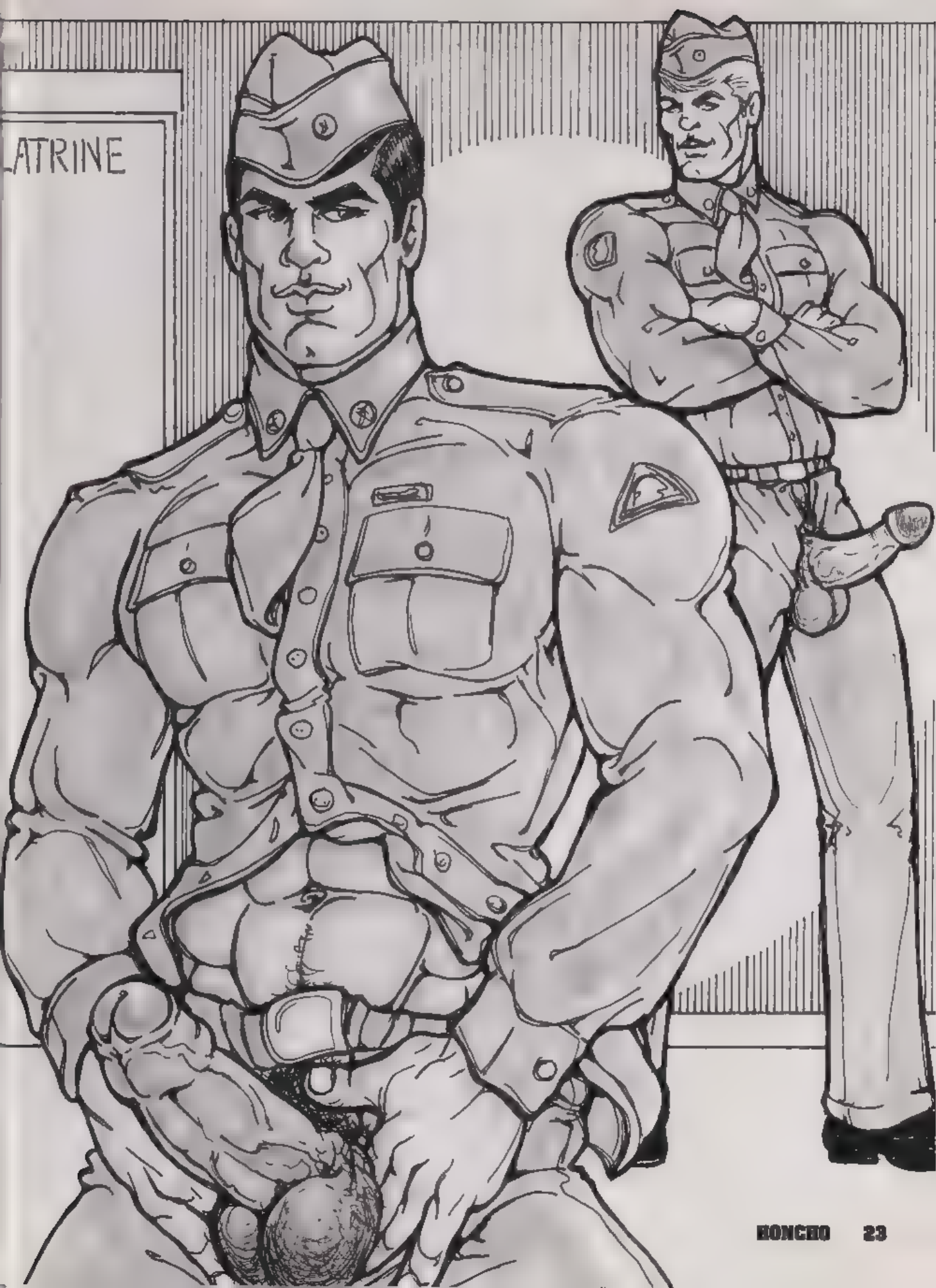
BY WILLIAM COZAD • ART BY MATT

After I got out of the Army I decided to stay in California. I wasn't welcome back home in the Midwest after I'd stupidly come out to my folks while on leave. Dad said I was morally wrong and a disgrace to my uniform. Mom said I was sick and needed to see a shrink. So much for warm family feeling.

When I joined the Army I indicated my mechanical interest in learning to repair motor vehicles. The recruiter promised me the moon and the stars when I signed up. Military intelligence decided I'd be best as a mess cook. I didn't even know how to boil water.

An alcoholic mess sergeant at Ft. Ord took me under his wing and taught me how to stay alive, to keep from burning myself over the hot stoves. He paid his bar tab in Monterey with food he'd filched from the mess hall. I testified at his court martial hearing that it wasn't true because I was with him at the time of the alleged incident. Of course I lied through my teeth to protect him. After that I could do no wrong and the sergeant treated me like a buddy.

It was during my mess hall duty that I met Sanchez, a Chicano soldier. We clicked right off. I didn't

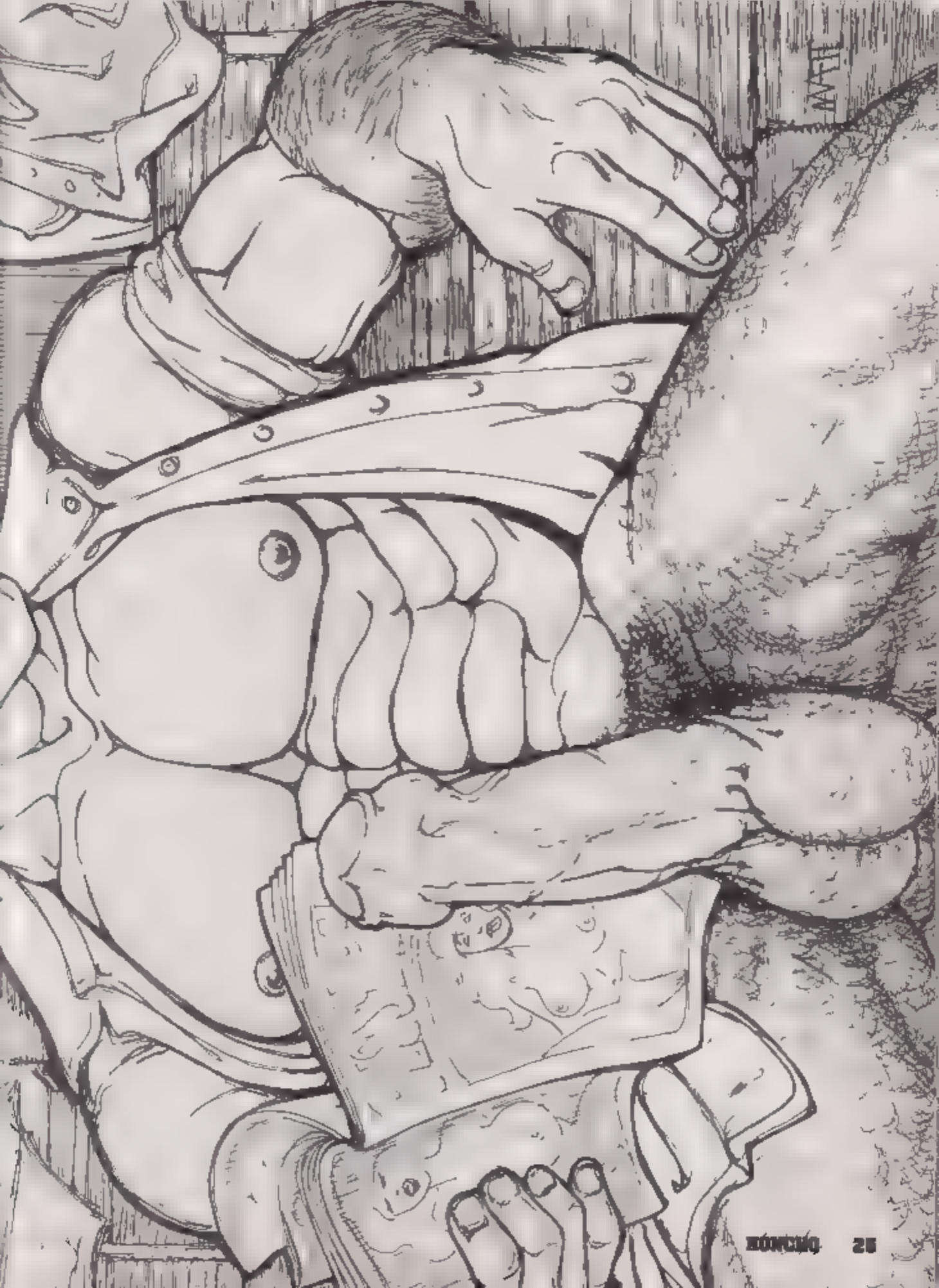

LATRINE

think anything about it when he suggested that we hit the bars in downtown Monterey. He said a lot of shit about women so I never suspected anything.

After drinking a lot of tequila, his preference, licking salt off the back of your hand, we both got shitfaced and were kicked out of the bar. No problem. Sanchez took me to a hotel where I figured we'd sleep it off before we went back to the [redacted].

Let me tell you about Sanchez. He was fucking gorgeous. A rock-hard body from doing construction work as a civilian. Straight black hair, ebony eyes and olive skin. If he looked like a choirboy in his white mess duds, he looked like an hombre caliente, a hot man, in his khakis.

Inside the hotel room, Sanchez stripped down to his white GI shorts which contrasted his olive skin. His body was smooth as silk. He got between the sheets. I shucked my clothes, doused the



I crawled on top of him and my dick was hard as a rock with a strand of pre-cum hanging from my pee hole. I thought he wanted me to stick my dick between his beefy thighs and shoot my wad. I was pretty naive.

light, and did the same. Lying next to him, I listened to his heavy breathing.

He rolled over and put his arms around me. At first I thought he was just drunk. He'd drunk a lot of Jose Cuervo. His skin was hot. It wasn't possible that he wanted what I did, what with all his girl talk. When I felt his hard cock press against my leg, I knew this was no accident.

"You wanna fool around, amigo?"

I thought that meant jack-off. Sanchez was just horny and wanted to get his rocks off. Nothing wrong with two good buddies doing that, not like it was queer or anything. He kicked the covers back and shimmied out of his skivvies. I did the same. The only light in the room shone from the red neon hotel sign outside the window.

His dick was thick, uncut and drooling. About the same size as mine, except I was cut, with a bulbous cockhead. His shaft was dark and his cockhead flared into pink. I thought I'd shoot right off when he grabbed my boner. I grabbed his fat dick and moved the loose skin over his cockhead.

"You like to fuck? I want you to chinga me."

I wasn't sure what he meant. When he got pissed off in the mess hall he said a lot of words in Spanish that I assumed were cuss words. Maybe he meant fuck around, like jack each other off.

"Suck my tits, man. That gets me hotter than hell."

It never occurred to me to suck another man's tits, although I'd fantasized about sucking that thing between their legs. He cradled my head on his chest and I licked his tit, surprised that the nipple was hard, and sucked on it. I did the same to his other one.

Sanchez rolled over onto his belly.

"Get on top of me, hombre."

I crawled on top of him and my dick was hard as a rock with a strand of pre-cum hanging from my pee hole. I thought he wanted me to stick my dick between his beefy thighs and shoot my wad. I was pretty naive.

He spit on his hand and rubbed it into his asscrack.

"Stick it up my ass."

"Yeah? You sure?"

"Go on, do it."

He had to reach behind him and guide my cock right up into his asshole. It was tight as a vise and hot as a furnace inside there. It didn't take me long to get the idea, to start stroking his ass with my dick.

"Ay, that feels good, your verga grande up my culo. Ummm."

Sanchez started moving his butt around and fucking back, grinding his meaty asscheeks into my pubic bush. I was hot and dripped sweat onto his back.

"Shoot it, gringo motherfucker. Gimme your leche."

I knew what he wanted and was going to give it to him. No tequila was going to stop me from creaming this macho Chicano stud's butt. I rammed my cock all the way up his ass and it exploded, gushing fuckjuice, coating his guts with my jism.

"Stay inside me, man."

Sanchez rolled over onto his side, with my cock still embedded in his butthole, and he fisted his prick. Ropes of pearly white jizz flew out of his cum-hole and landed on the sheet. I felt his butt shudder around my spent cock when he got off.

He passed out cold, sleeping naked in his own gooey jism on the sheets. I cuddled up to him and drifted off.

Awakening with a hard-on and remembering what had happened the night before, I poked my prick right up that hot Chicano hole and woke him up with a horny GI butt-fuck. He moaned and fisted his cock while I pumped his shithole until we both got our guns.

Back on the base, Sanchez and I were together all the time. If the other guys suspected anything, they didn't say anything to our faces. I fucked him every chance I got, wherever I could, in the storeroom, in the freezer, in the latrine. I couldn't get enough of that olive-skinned ass.

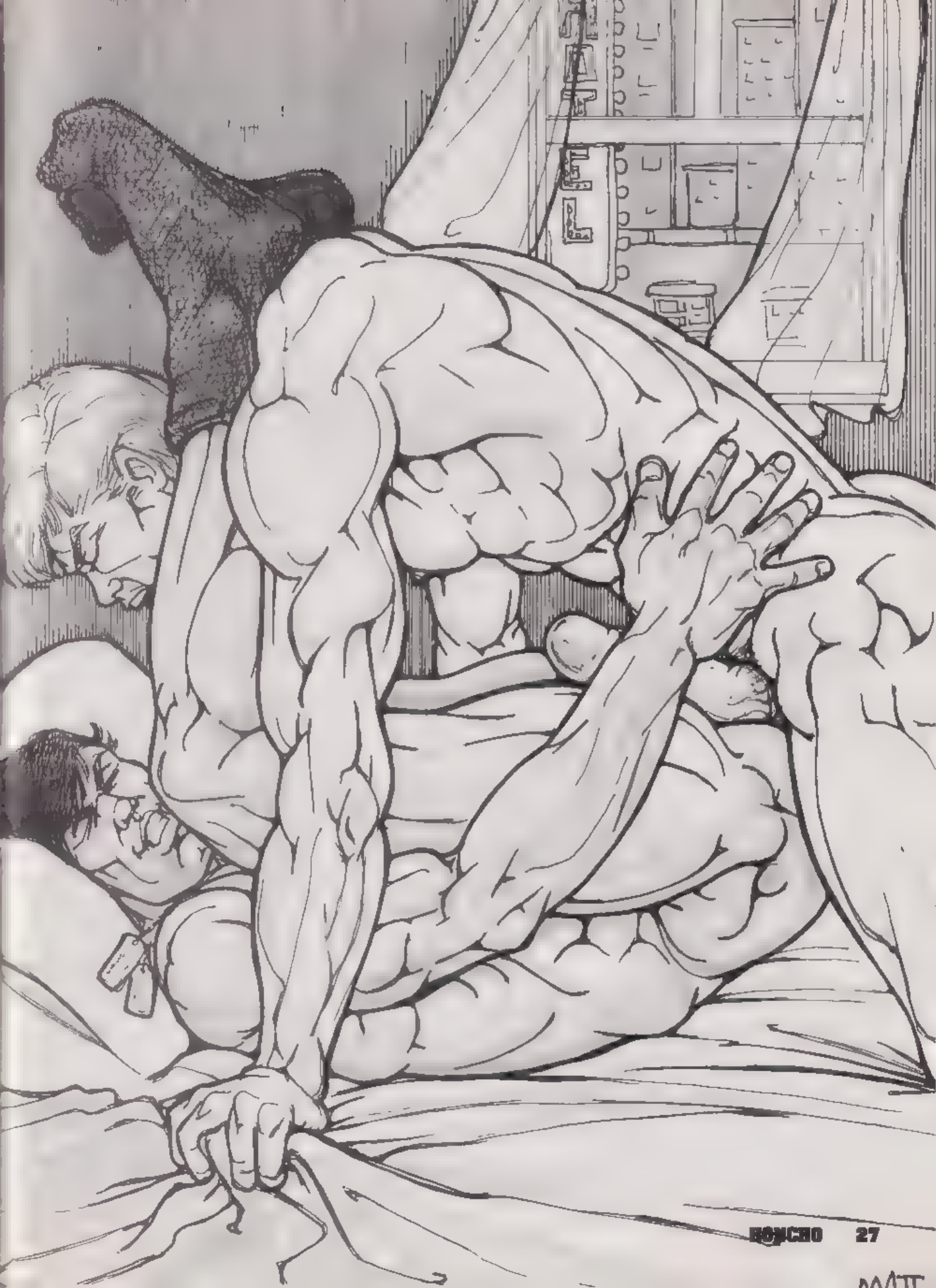
When I went home on leave I told my folks that I was gay, and the shit hit the fan. They didn't believe me at first. I told them I was crazy about another soldier. Dad was so livid I thought he might load up the gun and shoot me. I left that same day with him yelling at me to never come back again.

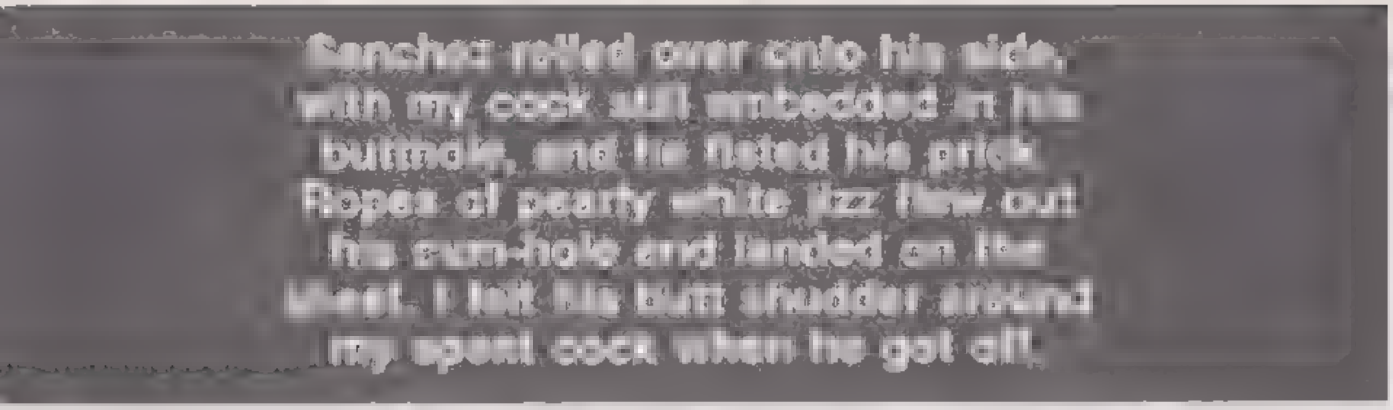
Sanchez transferred to White Sands base in New Mexico to be closer to his family. And I lost contact with him.

I thought about reenlisting when I was twenty-one and my time was up. I didn't want to end up an alcoholic mess sergeant hanging on for retirement and life in the bars. Besides, I was gay and Uncle Sam frowned on that.

Taking a bus to San Francisco, I thought I'd find a new life. Forget the Army. Forget Sanchez. Start a new life.

With an honorable discharge, I thought I'd find a restaurant job. I'd learned a thing or two about cooking. But it was a union town and this was the slow season, no one was hiring.





I checked out the gay bars but I didn't want one-night stands. I didn't blame Sanchez for wanting to be close to his family. But we had something special, a chance together. He tried to blink away the tears when he got on the bus to go.

My money was running out. I had to get a job, any kind of job, or I'd be on the streets. There was a rent due notice on my hotel room door. I hit about every restaurant in town. I'd work as a waiter, busboy, dishwasher, anything. No luck.

I wandered into a porno bookstore in the Tenderloin. There was a "Help Wanted" sign on the window. The man behind the counter was chewing on a smelly cigar and looking at a racing form.

"I'm looking for a job."

"Got any experience in selling fuck stuff?"

"Not really. I just got out of the Army."

"I did twenty years, retired and got my pension. Where were you stationed?"

"Ft. Ord. You?"

"Mostly in Germany. Got your 214 papers?"

I took my discharge papers out of my pocket and showed him.

"That's me."

"Tell you what, pal. I'm gonna take a chance on you. You look like a bright guy. Hard to find help in this business. Everybody wants to rip you off, sell stolen stuff or dope out of the store."

"I don't use drugs. And I ain't no thief."

"Well, I'm tired of doing double shifts. The owner told me to hire a replacement."

"What happened to the other guy?"

"He went south with the take."

I listened while Jake told me about the business, showed me how to use the sales log and cash register.

"Pay is only twenty bucks a shift, in cash. And ten percent of sales over two hundred dollars a shift."

"That's okay, I need the job."

Thus started my short career as a smut peddler. Jake showed me the ropes and stayed with me a couple shifts until I got the hang of it.

I learned how to hustle mags, make package deals, like three magazines for ten bucks. The films were simulated, not real hardcore, but you hustled them to Japanse tourists who wouldn't buy them in the Ginza in Tokyo for fear of losing face. I sold dildos, joy jell and phony stay-hard pills.

Jake was a real hustler. If he didn't like someone's looks he told them to take a fucking hike. There was no reading allowed, the library was up the street. He spent his days at the race track. He knew about everything there was to know about horses but still couldn't pick a winner. The owner of the store absorbed his gambling losses, unknowingly.

A beat cop came into the store and nosed around, making the customers nervous, and they'd leave. Jake said he was one of those Cops for Christ and everybody tried to get the chief to transfer him because he was bad for business. His name was Norton, but the guys from the gay bar across the street dubbed him Nasty Nora, a name which stuck.

For a guy working in a fuck store you'd think I'd have a good sex life. Man, I looked at so many fuck magazines that I started looking at the models' faces instead of their privates. You had to be on constant lookout for thieves. The mags were wrapped in cellophane and one to a space on the wall, replaced immediately when they were sold, but boosters still managed to go south with them when you were busy with a customer at the counter. I'd make up for the thefts on my package deals, that way the owner stayed off my back. He was an oddball, the boss. All he cared about was the take. And the toilet in the store, he wanted it kept spotlessly clean. No customers were allowed to use it. Jake explained that the owner was a junkie, probably used toilets to shoot up in. I didn't know what to believe.

One Sunday while working alone—the boss never showed up on weekends—I got some action. There was this Latino stud checking out all the magazines that lined the walls. Something triggered inside me. He looked a lot like Sanchez, my old Army buddy.

"They're three for ten bucks," I said.

I wasn't trying to sell him magazines. I just wanted to get his attention, talk to him.

"I don't have no money," he said.

"What kind of action do you like?"

"Girls. All kinds of them."

I got an idea. He looked real macho, like a straight stud, said he liked girls. I didn't care what he liked. He probably had a big dick. That's what I liked. Maybe I could suck it for him. I'd jacked off that morning when I woke up but I was still horny. I didn't want sex with just anybody. I could let guys on the street pick me up. I could go to gay bars and get laid. I had a thing for Latino men. Fucking Sanchez did that to me.

"The floor is dirty. The clerk was

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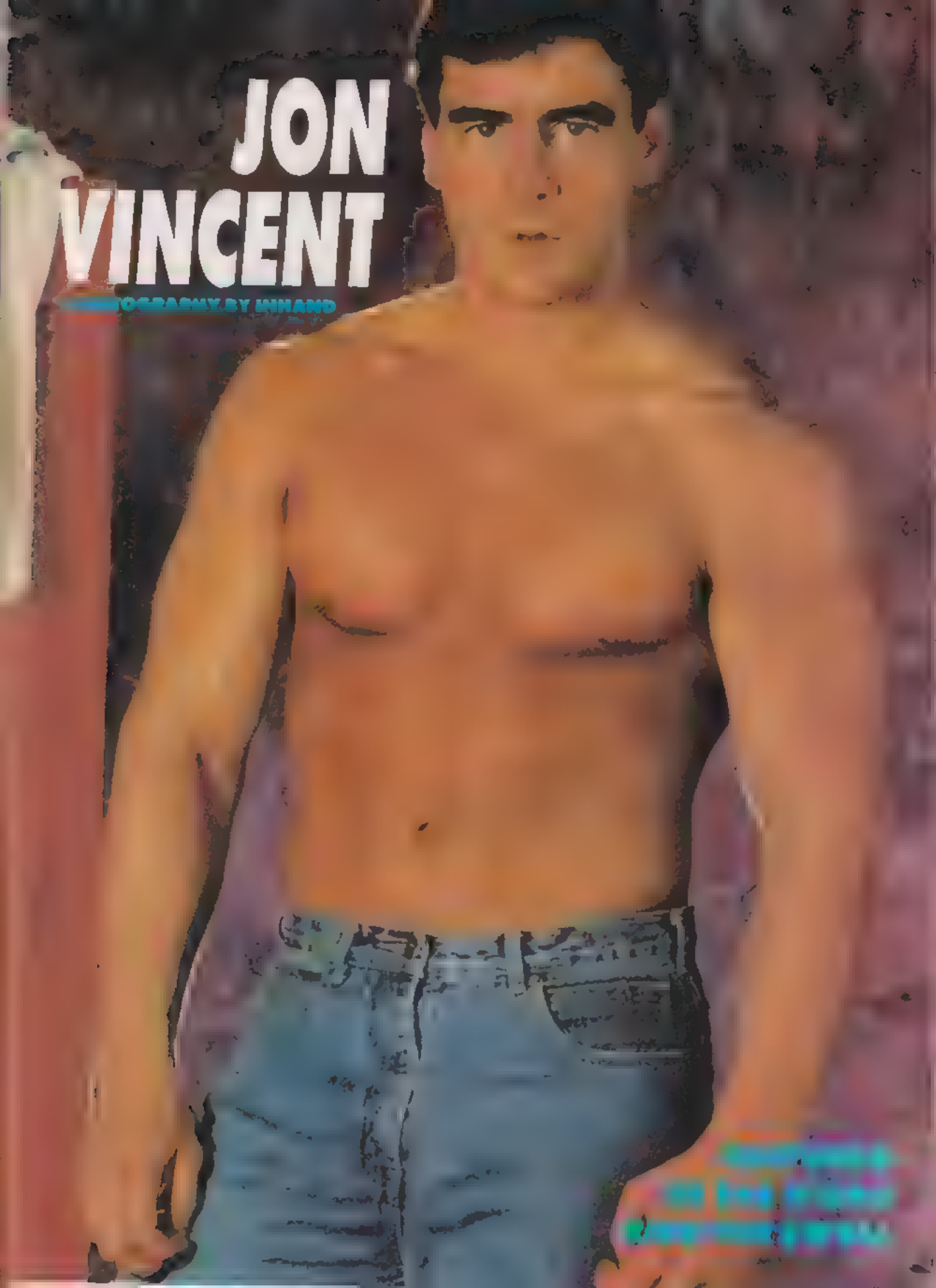
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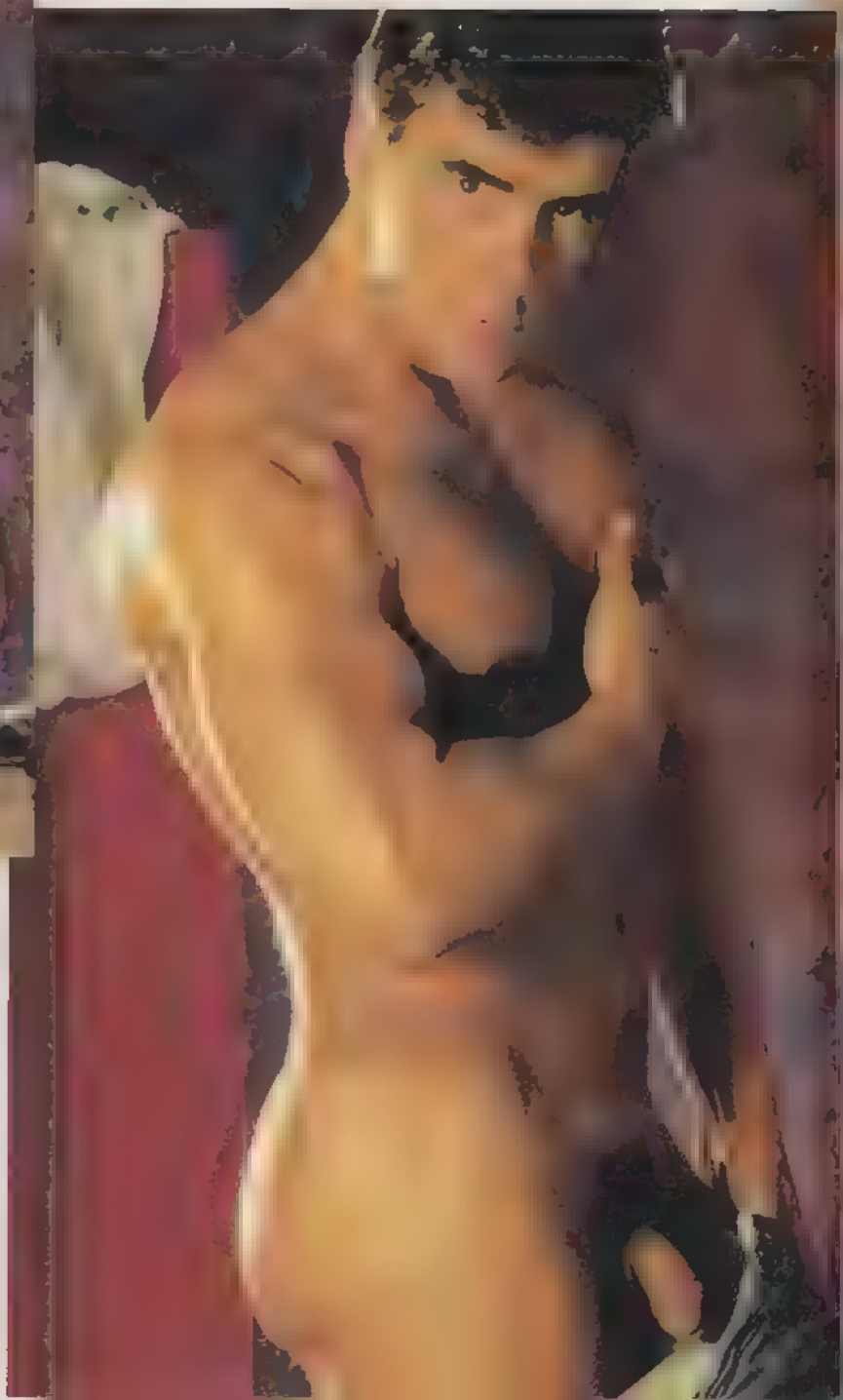

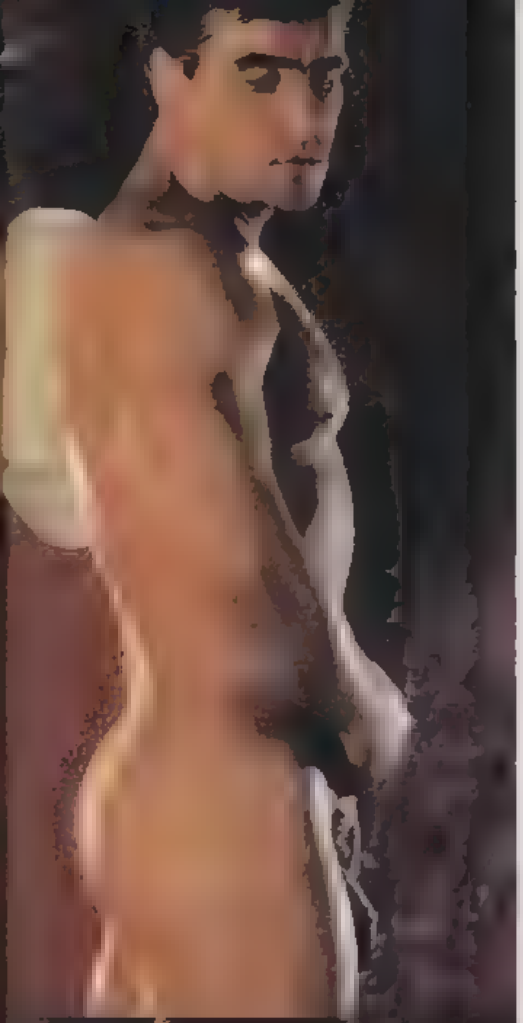

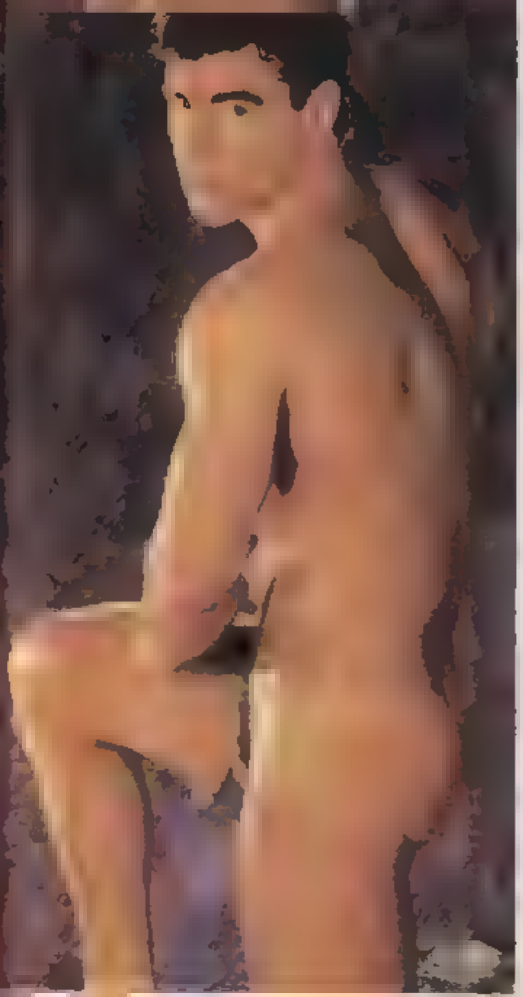

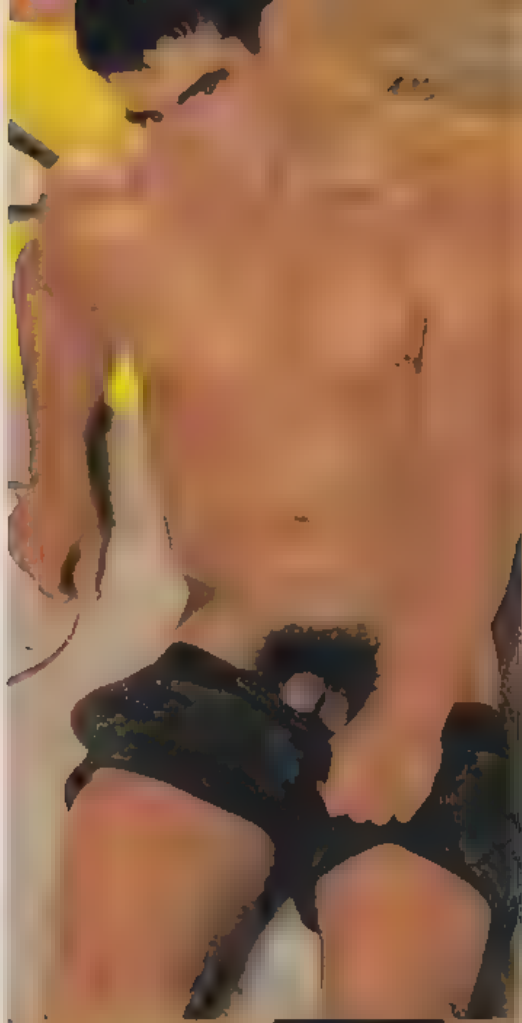

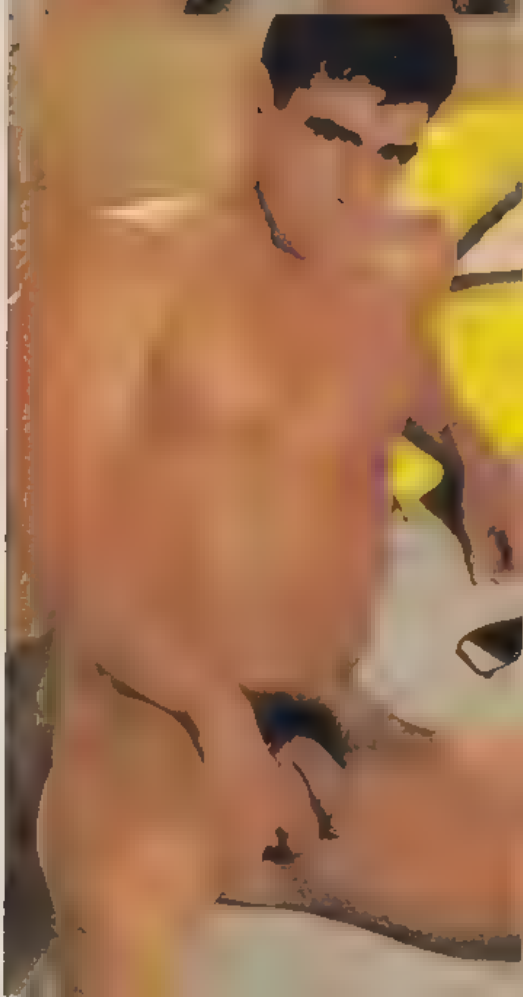

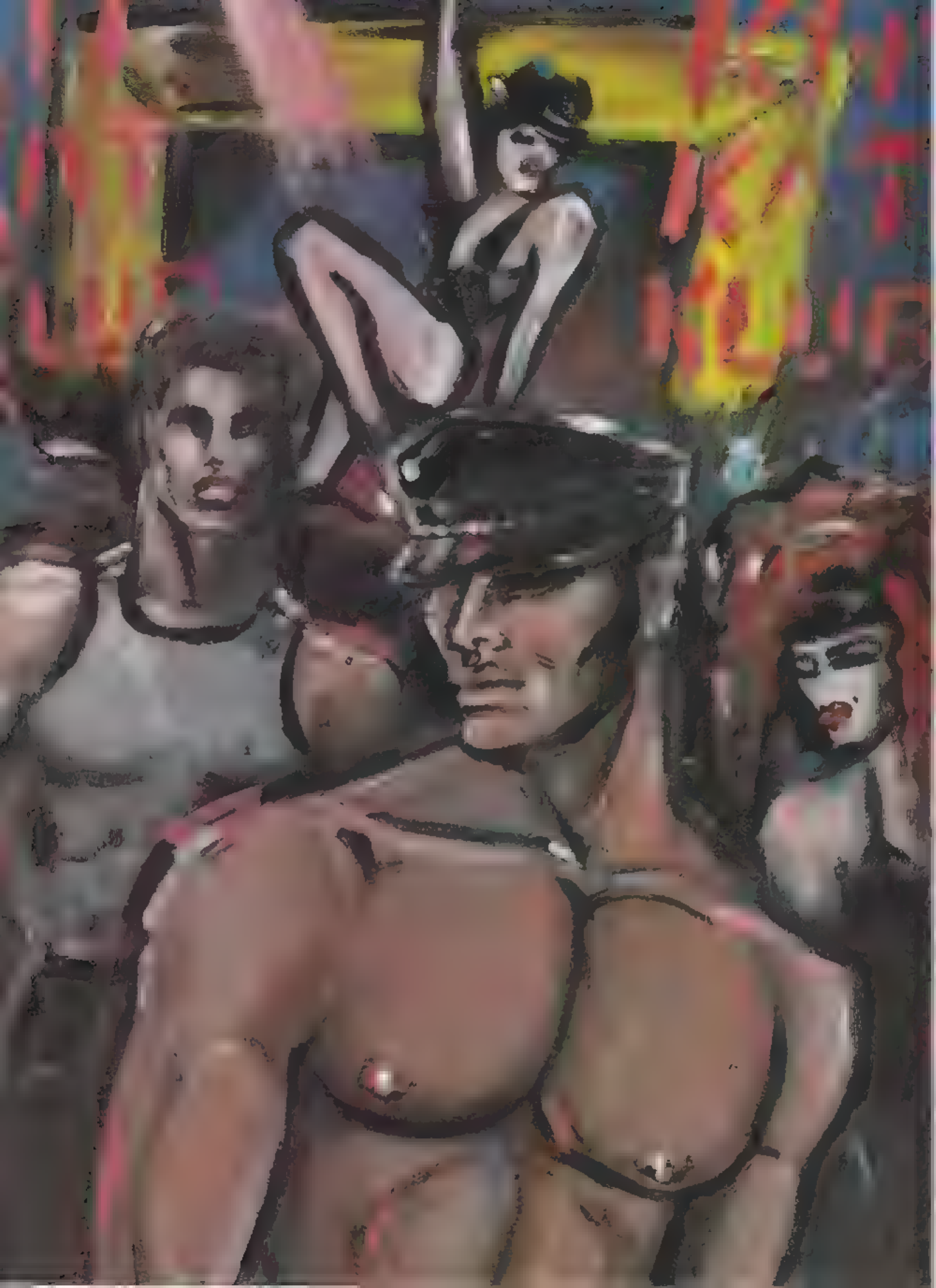

BY COLIN JEFFERY • ART BY MARTINE

Like most male prostitutes working the clubs and bars of a big city, Berthold lived a strange, haunted existence, exploiting and being exploited. He was forced to flee Berlin for South America when the police began to take a close interest in his sexual activities.

BERLIN IN THE 1930'S EUROPE'S GAY CITY

Come To The Cabaret!

"All free men, wherever they may live, are citizens of Berlin. And therefore, as a free man I take pride in the words 'Ich bin ein Berliner.'" John F. Kennedy said these famous words ending a speech made in West Berlin in 1963. Freedom has always been of prime importance in Berlin's history, and in the 1930's Berliners were very free indeed!

For example, the Berlin of the 1930's offerd a society in which male and female homosexuality was more accessible than anywhere else in Europe. It was a mecca for gay sex, and "boy-bars" were common. One such bar, the Cosy Corner Bar in Zossener-strasse, was a favorite bar of English writer W.H. Auden. He was one of many famous writers who

The character of Sally Bowles was based on a real-life woman named Jean Ross, daughter of a Scottish cotton merchant. She made a poor living as a third-rate singer in run-down clubs. Her "learning all about life" proved to be bedding as many men as possible, including the Pope's publisher.

went to live in Berlin throughout the 30's, so that they could follow the needs of their sexuality openly. These popular *Nachtlokals* were at first sight cozy drinking clubs. Christopher Isherwood, another British homosexual writer, said of them: "They are parlours where everyone came to relax around a nice warm stove." However, this was far from the reality of the situation. Young men for hire could be inspected in the toilet, while others could be handled through cut-off pockets whilst sitting at the tables. Such behavior was indeed a revelation, and made Berlin a most attractive city for Europe's homosexual community.

The type of young man working the bars was typified by Berthold Szczesny, called "Bubi" (baby), by all who knew him. An unemployed Czech boy, a heterosexual, he worked the gay bars as a means of surviving in the teeming city, where money meant everything. He spent much of his time with the writers and artists of the city, being particularly close to Isherwood and his circle of literary friends. And like most male prostitutes working the clubs and bars of a big city, Berthold lived a strange, haunted existence, exploiting and being exploited. He was forced to flee Berlin for South America when the police began to take a close interest in his sexual activities.

SEX STUDIES

Sexual deviation of the most bizarre kind was such a recognized part of the life-style of Berlin, where the abnormal was accepted as normal, that an institute for the study of human sexuality was opened. The famous Institute for Sexual Science, headed by Dr. Magnus Hirschfield, flourished between the two World Wars. Founded in 1919, the Institute was concerned with investigating and trying to help sexual deviants. Adolf Hitler ordered the public burning of all the Institute's books and files in May, 1933. The Nazis also closed down the boy-bars.

Homosexuals were then hounded and thrown into concentration camps, where they were forced to wear the notorious "pink triangle." Thousands ended up in the gas chambers suffering the ultimate martyrdom of their sexuality.

Before the crack-down by Hitler, Berlin was the open sex capital of Europe. The rich and the famous, from both stage and screen, politicians, and even future crowned heads, flocked to enjoy the good life.

The artistic community, mostly homosexual, lived extremely well, without fear of the "knock on the door" in the middle of the night. Colorful characters established their careers before returning home where they were hailed as fully-fledged writers or artists. One such character was the American artist John Blomshield, who thought nothing of hiring the most expensive suite at the plush Adlan Hotel, and having the staff serve him champagne in bed in the mornings, with the comment: "I just can't drink tea on an empty stomach." He spent money like water, trying, without success, to spend his wife's huge fortune before she divorced him. He finally returned home to America with his eighteen-year-old Norwegian boyfriend.

Blackmail, especially among the homosexual community, was rife, and proved a most popular method for making money from the free-and-easy-anything-goes society of Berlin. For despite the freedom of action, there were still many secrets which people wanted to keep. And the blackmailers were not always lowly back street pimps and con men. Englishman Gerald Hamilton, who for a time ran the Berlin office of the London *Times*, was involved in fraud and theft. He was more than happy to take part in a little blackmail as a money-making sideline. Hamilton was a homosexual who came into many situations where blackmail was a practical option, and he fell to temptation. His own father said of him: "Gerald has no wounds that can't be cured by a check poultice."

Berlin in the 1920-30's was a free society, but there was a price to be paid. For as the saying goes, "There's no such thing as a free lunch."

Berlin has always been a city of divisions. Today, it is divided East and West, divided economically and socially. Historically Berlin started life as two towns facing each other across the river Spree; the two towns joined together in 1307, and ever since have had a difficult and exciting development. In 1871, Berlin became the capital city of the German Empire, the center of political and cultural life. As a powerful city in the middle of Europe, Berlin became the focal point of European cultural activity. Artists, writers, actors and actresses, singers and composers, all flocked to Berlin in the hope of establishing a stepping stone to fame. The idle rich found much to attract them in the city, and the poor reaped benefits by either selling themselves or others. Life with all its variety of vice was there. The perind between the World Wars found Berlin nightlife at its highest, or lowest, depending on one's moral view.

With the fast-changing political scene in Germany, there were many cultural shocks. Emergency decrees cutting wages and restricting social insurances were introduced in May, 1930, by Dr. Bruning, the new Catholic Chancellor, and as a result poverty and dissatisfaction were increased. Berliners searched for

MORE GAY MEN AND LESBIANS HAVE DIED FROM CHEMICAL DEPENDENCY THAN FROM AIDS.

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gratification of the spirit and the flesh, as a way out from the stark oppressive reality of life, and the huge increase of promiscuity and prostitution went hand in hand with the changing political face of German society.

Many writers living in Berlin between the wars used their experiences of the seedy life to flavor and spice their writings. The best illustration of Berlin in the 1930's is presented in the books and essays of the time. Indeed, one classic was written by Christopher Isherwood, "The Berlin Stories" (1939) which brilliantly describes the social corruption and disintegration of the free-wheeling Berliners. The character of Sally Bowles was based on a real-life woman by the name of Jean Ross.

She was a girl of rather dishevelled appearance. The daughter of a Scottish cotton merchant, she spent her childhood in Egypt in wealthy surroundings. She rebelled against her parents when she was 17, and set to "learn all about life" in naughty Berlin. She made a poor living as a third-rate singer in run-down clubs. Her "learning all about life" proved to be bedding as many men as possible, including the Pope's publisher.

THE NAZIS

Berlin from 1920 to 1930, was a mecca for those people wanting to experience the ultimate wickedness of mind and body. The city was notorious throughout Europe as the sin-city of the West. Indeed, so notorious was its reputation, that a despairing Pope Pius XI, a vigorous opponent of Nazism, declared it to be "The Devil's City."

The Vatican, watching the violent and bloody power struggle in Germany as the Nazis fought and murdered to take control, became increasingly convinced that Adolf Hitler was "wickedness personified." Scarlet-robed cardinals whispered among themselves in dark corners of the Holy Father's palace: the German Fuhrer was most surely the expected "anti-Christ"—the Devil's son predicted in Revelations, the Evil One who would bring mass destruction to the peoples of the earth.

Hitler founded the Nazi Party in 1921, using street-thugs (the SD) and Himmler's "brown-shirts" (later to become the feared SS) to terrorize any opposition.

It was in Berlin on February 27, 1933, that Hitler made his great move for domination and control of Germany. The Reichstag (German Parliament building) was burned to the ground. Hitler claimed it was done by Communists, and using it as an excuse, had his Nazi thugs murder hundreds of his enemies. Hermann Goering later claimed, at the Fuhrer's birthday dinner in 1941, that he, on Hitler's orders, had set the fire.

The changing political scene marked the death of free and easy Berlin. The Nazis quickly gained power, and by July 1932, were the largest political party in Germany. However, President Hindenburg refused to make Hitler Chancellor. Violence quickly flared up in the streets. Then came the Reichstag fire, and afterwards, Hitler *forced* Hindenburg to make him Chancellor. The Reichstag fire was used as the reason to arrest and execute leading Communists, and political enemies of the Fuhrer. The anti-Jewish campaign started with the boycott of Jewish businesses throughout the city, and ended in the horrific gas-chambers of the Nazi death camps, where over six million Jews died.

The end of freedom for Berlin, in 1933, was also the end of freedom for the rest of Europe until Hitler's suicide in 1945. The thud of marching Nazi jackboots through the streets of Berlin began a dark age of horror unequaled in the annals of history, in which over 37 million died. The bloody terror of the Nazis threatened the sanity of not only Germany, but that of the whole world. ■

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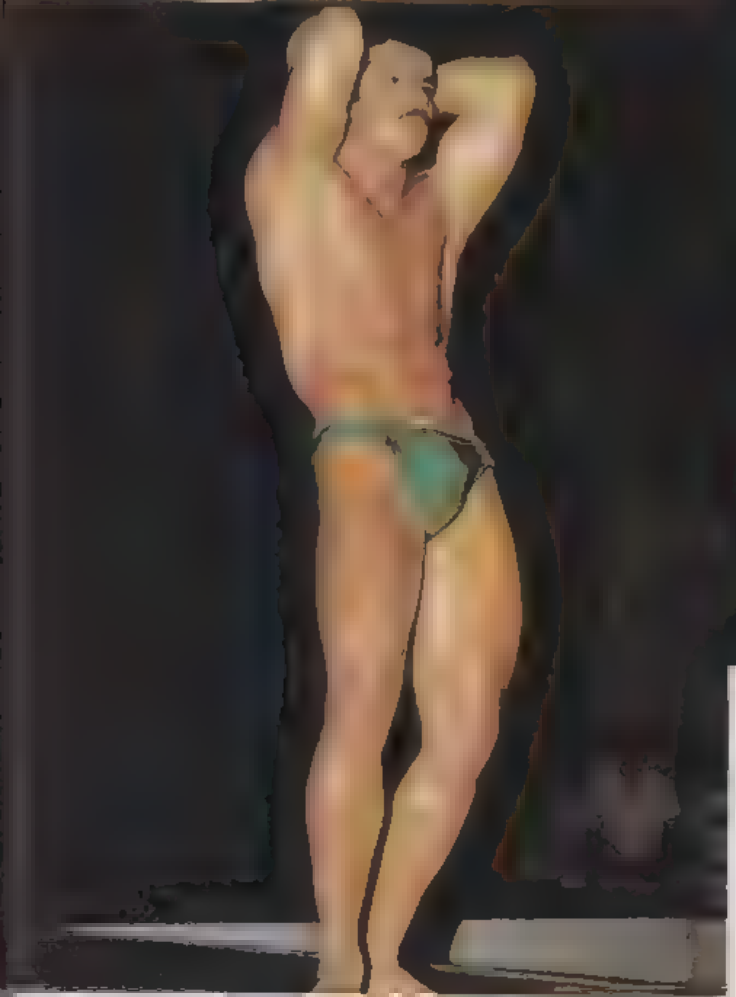

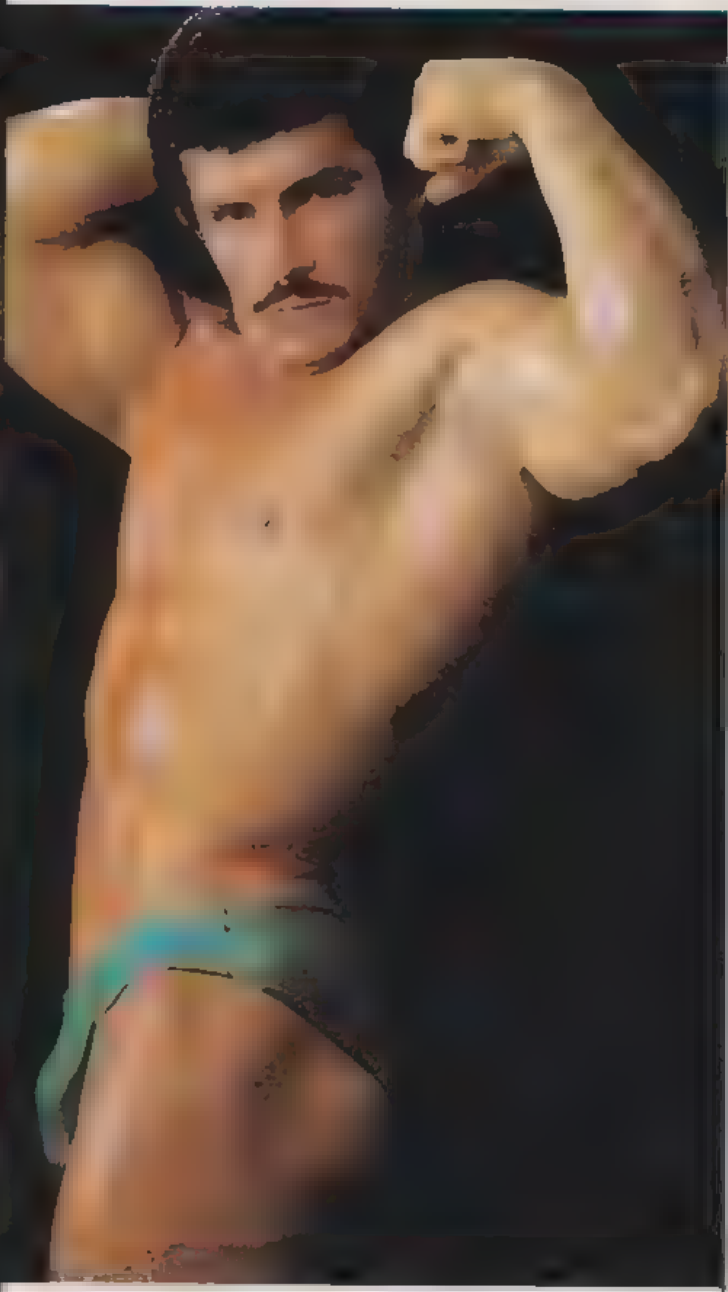

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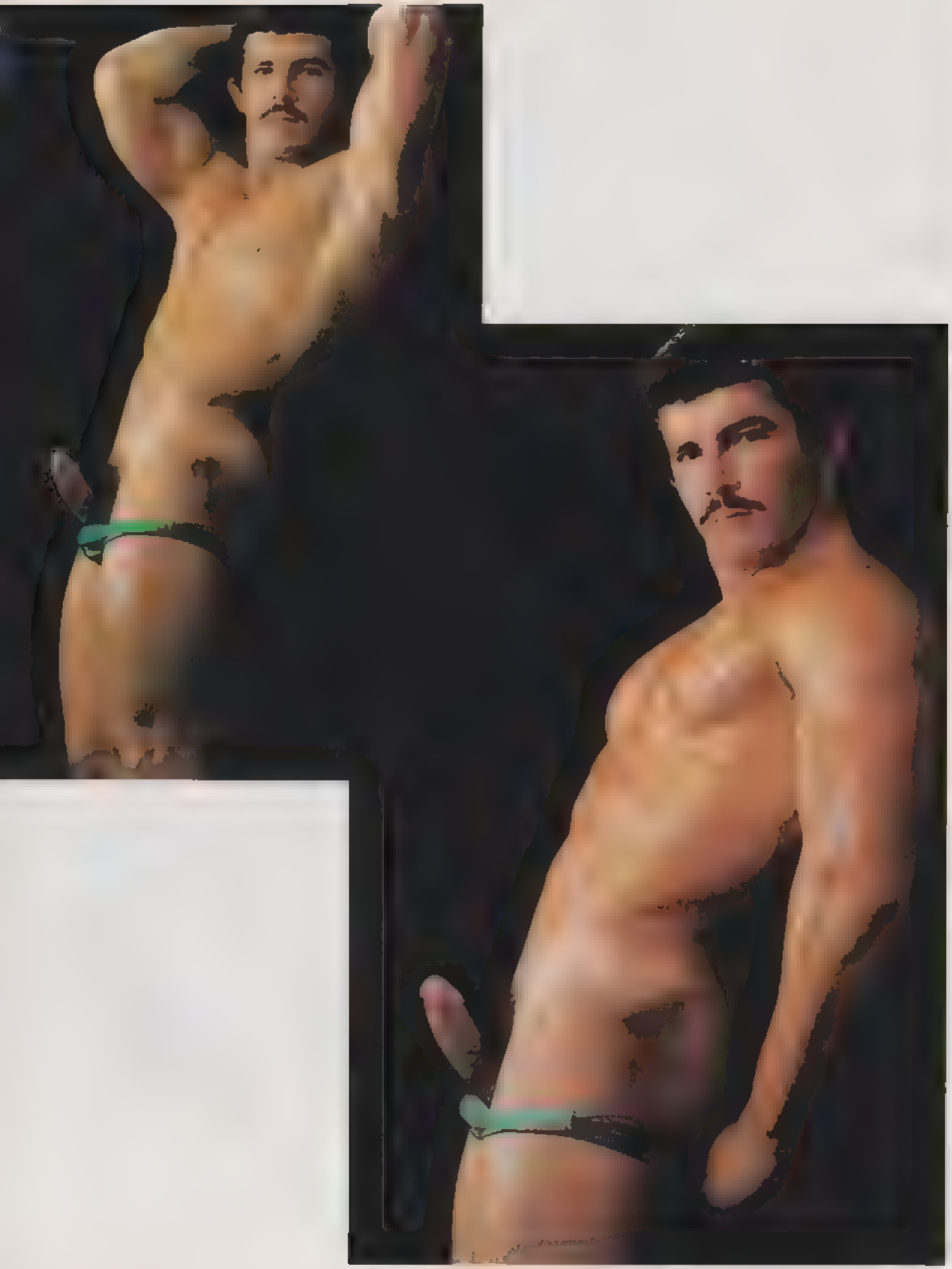


been surrounded
he was in the Army!

BILL

always there. Let me explain. I am
older brothers and two younger. W
natural part of our life. The end
and try and figure out what
certain things are just taken for
job and bunk to bunk with the
have to take a piss. The Army

The service is also the first time that I can compare the relative merits and faults of the up-till-now unknown Black, Puerto Rican and at least one Oriental cock. Again, this is just healthy comparison. Having never seen a black dick, but having heard all the stories, one *had* to see for oneself. I told you I was naive.

His name was Jesse and he was my bunkmate. By that I mean that he had the top bunk and I the bottom, *not* that we slept in one bunk. His was the first. God knows everybody saw it. I must admit that it was quite impressive. As I stated, I am fairly well hung, but Jesse was massive! Or so it seemed. I swear that his dick hung half-way to his knees and he was always parading around in the nude, half-hard, waving it at anyone who would take note. He was a character. That dude loved his dick, and he could and would beat off more than all of us. He'd be "on" his meat first thing in the morning, in the shower, and again last thing at night, in his bunk. He was good at that slow, quiet jerk-off, but in the bunk beneath him I could always tell that he was yanking that big black pole for all it was worth. I also found that if I thought about it—and I did—I could get a hard-on "with him."

It was obvious that everyone had seen Jesse's dick at least once, and he was always the object of one comment or another. He knew it and he *loved* it. It was all good-natured fun. There was even a "rumor" that if you asked him, he would let you jerk him off. Of course the entire world knows the Army's "HANDS OFF" policy, so that rumor was never substantiated. At least not by me.

After we had completed half of our basic training we were given a restricted leave. This means that you are "off duty,"but you still have to stay on the base. It is sort of like a break before finals. Everyone receives a much-needed rest, but you can't go anywhere. It was during our "leave" that Jesse decided to take his exhibitionism to the heights.

Just as children circle a campfire and tell ghost stories, Jesse decides that we "MEN" are going to have a circle jerk, and he will tell us the story of his first blow job. Are we ready for this?

I began to massage my cock. Right in Jesse's face practically. He too was playing with his now-huge cock, the head of which was well exposed over the top of his underwear. In an unprecedented and unexpected move, I reached down and pulled his underwear off. His cock brushed my rock-hard dick and a bolt of electricity went through me.

Well, after many choruses of, "Oh! Fuck off asshole!" and, "Faggot, Cocksucker," Jesse started to massage his crotch. In a matter of seconds he looked each of us in the eye, quickly, as if daring us. And you know how "real" men love a challenge.

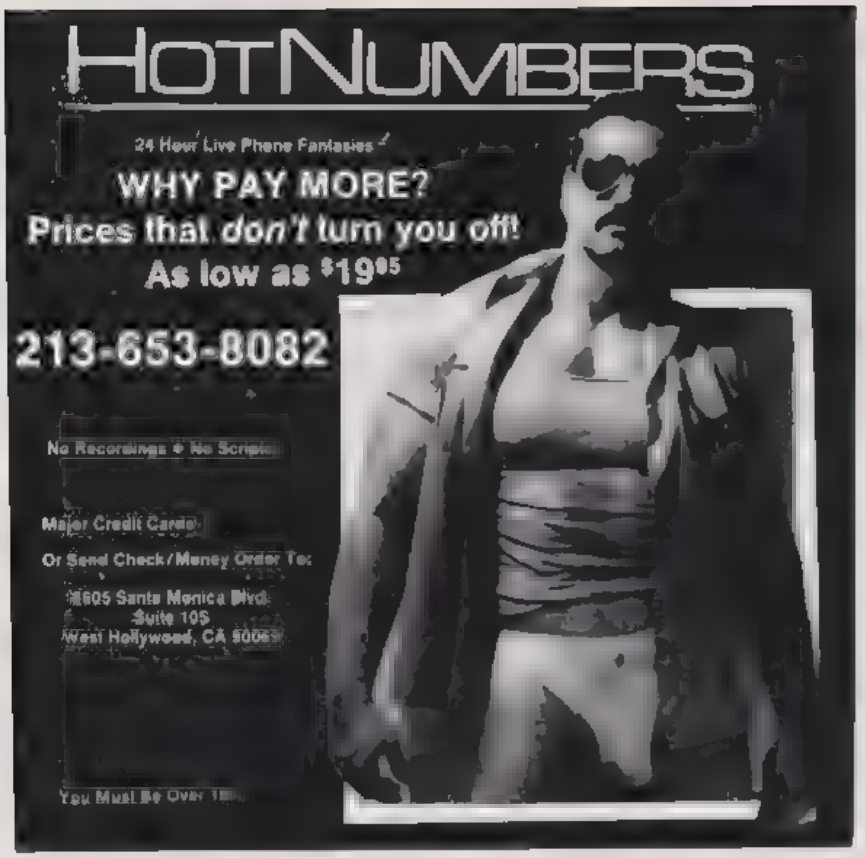
Of course, we accepted the challenge. There was Jesse playing with that huge cock, with all ten of us gathered around him. All of us in our starch-white underwear, massaging our cocks to full erection and staring blatantly at some wild black dude pulling on his dick. Surrounded by men again. This time though the male bonding was more of an adult trip.

We hung onto every word as Jesse told us about the time his best friend forced the white delivery man to give him and the young eighteen-year-old Jesse a blow job. The friend was a tough street punk of nineteen years. The delivery guy turned out to be a "pretty damn good cocksucker!", to hear Jesse tell it. We all went crazy. We were all laughing and jerking off and laughing and always staring at that God-damn black cock and laughing. Some were even cumming on the floor and no one seemed to be noticing. I can only guess at what anyone else was thinking about, but I was only thinking about one thing. I wanted to know what it felt like to have your cock sucked. To have *my* cock sucked. But I was not going to find out during this night, so I came on the barracks floor and laughed with boastful male pride, with all the others.

As an added bonus I got to see, for the first time, Jesse shoot his load. His huge black erection pulsed and exploded for everyone to see. My attention was riveted. I started to get hard all over again, and do you know, Jesse beat off again after lights out.

In true military fashion everything went right back to normal when the leave was over. There was never any mention of the circle jerk. It was as if it had not happened. Part denial, part "no need to concern ourselves." Masturbation went "undercover" again. Jesse went back to being silent about his erections, but *I* kept thinking about that blow job. I was also suddenly totally aware of Jesse's nightly self-abuse and my own increased use of my own cock.

The military was very busy putting us through our basic training. In fact it seemed that after our little "rest" period, there was a renewed vigor on the part of the Army to push us farther, faster and for longer periods of time than ever before. They were going to make us soldiers, or kill us trying. Jesse and I were becoming thick-as-thieves. As if bonding together was our salvation, we became the most inseparable of friends. This of course did not go unnoticed by the rest of the barracks, and on more than one occasion I had caught the end of a comment like, "Oh, he's probably sucking Jesse off." The talk was all easy though, with no real insinuation and never any confrontation.



And what did I care? I wasn't sucking anybody off anyway. Nor was anyone volunteering to give me that blow job that I was *still* aching for. What was it like? I couldn't even imagine, when I thought about such things, how that delivery guy got all of Jesse's huge cock into his mouth. Maybe that horse dick was smaller then.

Towards the end of training came survival camp. This was sort of an overnight war game. The enlistees were divided up into two teams and sent out into the "wilds" to "kill" each other with colored paint pellets in their guns. Very mature stuff!

Naturally it was the hottest time of the entire century, or so it seemed. I think that God and the Army are in cahoots about these things. Anyway, teams were formed and strategies were planned and off we all marched to "kill" each other. To survive was the only thought any of us had because the winning team was to get an extra day's leave.

Jesse and I were sent out ahead of our platoon on a sort of scouting mission. We were off in some God-damned wild game refuge in the middle of nowhere. Lost in the woods would be an understatement. Full Army gear was strapped to our backs, and we hadn't a clue as to what we were scouting for, let alone where to find it. Our commander had told us to move out about ten miles from the base and set up a scouting position and dig in. So we did. Sweating like a couple of prize hogs, we dug into a small cave near the river.

We quickly established contact with our lieutenant and stripped off our gear. "It's too fuckin' hot!" Jesse complained. "I'm going for a swim." With this proclamation he stripped off his clothes and was in the river. I too stripped down to my underwear and settled in the cool of the cave near the bank. I watched Jesse swim for a while and started to doze. Even with my eyes closed I saw him. I was also getting a hard-on. I wasn't concerned abut my erection as Jesse had seen me hard before. The heat, the excitement of the "hunt," and the presence of Jesse all were combining in me, taking me

someplace I had never been before, and I didn't even know it was really happening.

Jesse returned from the river almost unexpectedly. I opened my eyes and there he was standing in front of me with his big dick practically in my face. "If that thing gets much harder we could use it for a flag pole," he commented to me, as he glanced down at my rod.

"Why don't you suck on it if you want it harder. Or we could just use that fucking pole of yours, asshole," was my wittiest response. If I only *knew* what I was saying.

Dusk was falling and we both kinda nodded out for awhile. Jesse had put his underwear back on and was lying next to me in the cave. Like the old bunkhouse days, it never became sexual in my mind. This was just a man, like myself, and that was that. Or was it? We were alone. We were free. We were close and hot and undressed and friends and healthy, and as I suddenly noticed, we were both fucking hard. Again!

"Remember that circle jerk we had? Boy did you get into that or what? I bet you were fuckin' harder than all of them other 'white' boys." He spit the word "white" at me. Egging me on! Little jabs to get me going. He spoke slowly and calmly with an unusual comfort coming from his voice. "What the hell were you thinking about that night?"

What was I thinking about? This was the first time that the circle jerk had ever been mentioned. But this was okay. This was private. Just me and Jesse. The sights came rushing back to me. The danger. The sound of Jesse's voice as he recounted the tale of the delivery man. The huge black cock in front of our eyes. The swelling erection in my own hand as I tried to imagine getting a blow job myself. The comradery, the laughter, and finally the shared released of all those male emotions and fluid. I had never broken it down into its separate components. Was I going to do it for Jesse? Did I even know what those elements were and what they meant? Did I *want* to know?

Slowly, very slowly, Jesse reached over and touched my chest. It was so casual it was like it had not even happened. His hand rested there and it did not occur to me to move it. No man had ever touched me so... honestly. I made no move to stop him, nor did I make any moves to encourage him. The moment was there and that was all. There was nothing to protest or acclaim.

Our talk was deep. I told him about my brothers and the farm and the work and how I grew up and he shared the same things with me. It was so easy to talk to Jesse that I never thought about it. I also never thought about the fact that his hand was still on my chest. Slowly, casually and seemingly unknowingly massaging me. "Why don't you take off your underwear. Share with me. Tell me your most secret fantasy," he whispered.

Suddenly a portion of the mind shut off. We were no longer two men, but just two people. Uninhibited, raw people. I stood up and pulled off the white briefs. I was simply swept along in a current of unrealized desire and casual suggestion. My cock swung free and immediately began to grow hard as I thought about my fantasy and blurted out, "I've always wanted... I've always wanted to know what it feels like to have your cock sucked."

We both smiled and I began to massage my cock. Right in Jesse's face practically. He too was playing with his now-huge cock, the head of which was well exposed over the top of his underwear. In an unprecedented and unexpected move, I reached down and pulled his underwear off. He stood, and there we were; eye to eye, face to face. His cock brushed my rock-hard dick and a bolt of electricity went through me.

Jesse returned his hand to my chest and again, very gently, began massaging me. His light touch brushed every individual blond hair on my chest as if by design. No man had *ever* touched me, but now Jesse was, and I was becoming totally aroused and involved in that fact.

His hand moved slowly down my chest and down to my washboard stomach. He lingered again. Then he moved down the line of hairs until his hand rested on my hand—my hand which was holding my own cock.

As if I had said it a million times, but he wasn't getting it, I calmly said, "No man has ever done this. No man has ever touched me," and then left that sentiment as a kind of explanation that I was unfamiliar with these events. We were staring so intently at one another that words of explanation became unnecessary. We both understood that this was between us and only we need be concerned by it.

I moved my hand and Jesse was suddenly holding my cock in his hand. Never imagined a six-foot-two black man would ever touch my cock. Never imagined that the gentle massage that he had begun giving my cock would ever feel so good. My mind took me back to every cock I had ever seen: in the showers at school, in the bunkhouses, in boot camp—all those gorgeous dicks! Had I been "looking at dick" all my life? Had I always been subconsciously surrounding myself with other men?

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"Touch me."

"What?"

"Touch me. Touch my cock."

I returned from my reverie and reached out for Jesse's cock. I had never had any cock other than my own in my hand. I slowly began copying the things Jesse was doing to my cock. Pushing back the foreskin to reveal the huge salmon-colored head of Jesse's dick, I was surprised at how another man's cock felt. It could have easily been my own cock in my hand. Did they all feel the same? Was jerking someone else's dick the same as jerking your own? Turn out the lights and see!

We stood face to face and jerked each other off with slow, steady strokes designed for pleasure more than for results. We didn't speak to each other as there was no reason. All communication came from our fingertips. I was an explorer and Jesse's cock and balls were all the uncharted areas of the universe. I closed my eyes and allowed all the sensation of Jesse's rough masculine hands to engulf me. I held on to his cock with one hand and with the other I reached under and caressed his balls. Another first. The two globes rolled around in my hand and Jesse began to moan, soft and low.

We were in no hurry. The night was warm and we were all alone, exploring. Jesse grabbed my balls with both hands and gave them a squeeze. Now I was moaning. The electricity was flowing. I thought for sure that I was going to cum, but fought it off. Not yet! I wanted this to last and somehow knew that it was this moment and this moment only. There were to be no repeats or second chances.

Our dicks were rock-hard, standing at full attention. Even Jesse's full, fleshy black dick, as massive as it was, stood proud and tall. We poked and massaged and played little games with each other's erections and ballsacs, Jesse initiating and me following the lead of "the more experienced." Or was I leading, going with the flow, and Jesse was following me? And did it matter? Not to me. I was enjoying this immensely and didn't care about why or by whom or with what consquences the pleasure was derived. Our breathing began to escalate more and more.Oh God, don't let me cum too early!

With my eyes closed and my heartbeat quickening, I began to thrust my hips forward very slowly and rhythmically, pushing my cock into Jesse's hand, pushing myself closer to ejaculation. Fucking Jesse's hand. The cock in my hand was pulsing and I knew that Jesse was nearing his moment too.

In one slow careful move, Jesse lowered himself in front of me. On his knees staring into my cock, he continued to jerk me off and caress my balls. He seemed to be sizing me up, taking in every detail from his new perspective. I rested my hand on his shoulder. What next? Could this man give more pleasure than he had given me already?

Jesse held my cock in his hand and stretched the skin back as far as it would go. He held my cock with all the force of a man holding on to a lifeline. He grasped my dick almost too tightly, but I was not about to complain. He held my cock straight out from my stomach and looked up at me. He looked me straight in the eye and smiled. Not an evil smile, but a straightforward manly smile. A proud kind of smile, like the coach gives to his prize football player. A "you are my hero and I'm proud of you" man-to-man smile. I tried to duplicate that smile back to him. To communicate that I understood and that I felt the same way. It must have worked.

"I want to suck your dick."

"Are...uh, are you sure?"

"Yes."

Jesse "kissed" the head of my dick. I flexed every muscle in my legs to keep myself from shooting my load right in his face. I was going nuts. This man was actually going to blow me and just the thought of it was driving me crazy.

He began to lick the head of my cock, encircling the glans with his tongue, licking down the shaft and back up again, pausing at the ridge to tickle me with his quick tongue. Back down the shaft and up the other side, covering my dick with saliva. Back up to the head and then down over it. My dick was in his mouth. Actually *in* another man's mouth and he was sucking more and more of it in. Very slowly he went up and down on my cock. It felt like he was trying to swallow

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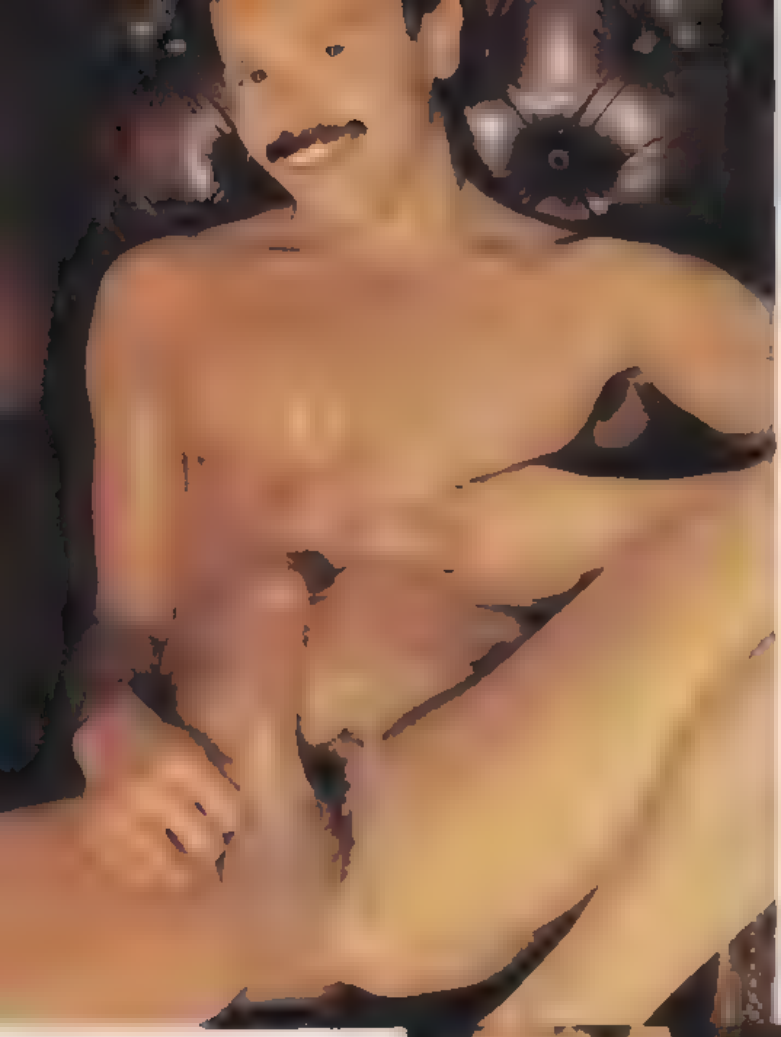
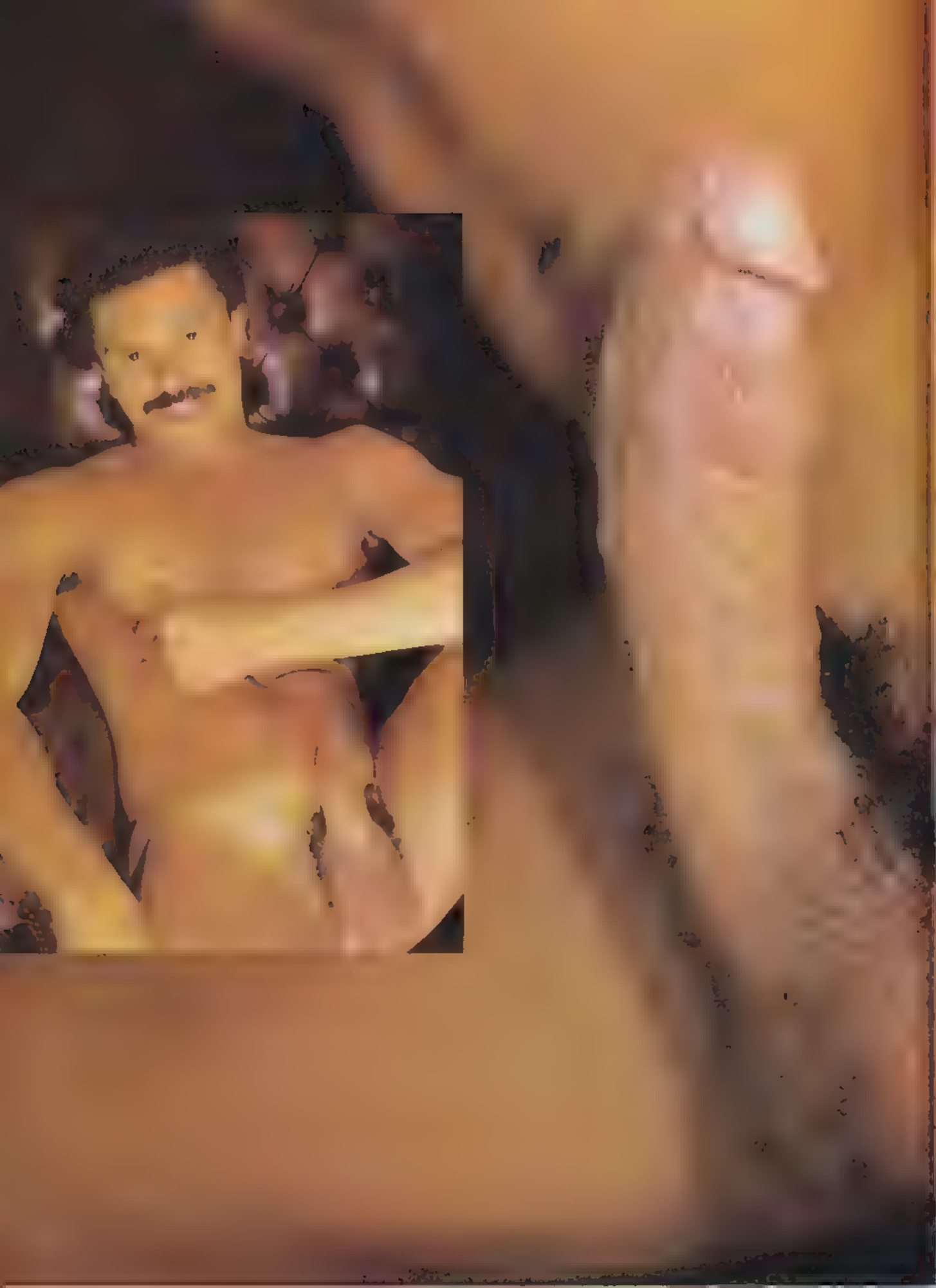
NIGHTSTICK





J. Aguirre
10/86.

Nobody ever invited me to stay over and sleep in their bed. Not in too many years anyway...

THE MAN FROM THE NORTH

BY JACK RICARDO • ART BY J. AGUIRRE

My Pinto died just before I hit El Paso. What could I do? I was driving down south on a wing and a prayer and I had no extra cash for repairs. A fifty-buck car can only take you so far. I grabbed my sleeping bag and my knapsack, all my possessions in the world, out of the back seat, left the Pinto at the side of the road, and started walking, thumbing.

After an hour, I stopped. No car nor mule had passed me for the last half hour. From the position of the sun, I would guess that I had at least a couple of hours before night fell. I had a long walk ahead of me.

I heard the roar of an 18-wheeler pushing up behind me. I turned to face him, stuck out a thumb. He left me dusty in his wake. I kept walking, the sun fading over my right shoulder. I eyed a gas station-general store up ahead. I hoped it was open. I mentally counted my money. Three hundred and twenty-two bucks to get me home.

The door was locked, I knocked, set my burden down, waited. A man opened the door, sauntered out onto the porch, asked, "Where's your car?"

"Dead," I said, "I'm not looking for gas. Got any canned goods?"

"Sure," he said. I followed him inside. The man was tall, had streaks of gray grazing through his desert blond hair. He could have been 25 years old, he could have been 55. Living in the middle of nowhere either ages you fast or keeps you young. His body was more thin than heavy. His eyes were dark and lively. He didn't have a shirt on and the hair on his chest made a full blanket. After I scanned him, I scanned his shelf of foodstuffs.

"Don't get many travelers round here, not unless they're illegal and

heading north," the man said.

"I'm legal and heading south," I told him.

"How far south?"

"As far as I can go," I said.

"On foot?" the man said, astonished.

"Any way I can?"

The man looked for me to continue. I said, "Family."

The man looked me over as carefully as I did him, said, "You don't look Latin."

I never said I was. My hair is long and light brown. My eyes are gray. I am fair-skinnned, I explained. I'm always explaining. "My father is an American citizen. He married my mother, a native." That was enough explanation, too much, in fact.

"Oh," the man said. That's all he said. I guess the tone of my voice turned him off. I'm just tired of explaining to people why I'm traveling south. They always say, "You're crazy. Don't you know those country's down there are boiling over. There's a war going on down there?"

Even if I corrected them and told them, "No, there is no war down there, and in fact, they're trying to make peace," the people still thought I had a loose bolt in my brain. So, I explain as little as possible.

I pulled some cans off the shelf, enough that would fill my knapsack, but not overload it. The man totaled my purchase. I paid him, packed. The man said, "It's dark out there. You know where you headed?"

"Down the road," I said, slinging my pack over my back.

"Hell, it's bad enough traveling these roads during the daylight. You can hitch up here for the night if you got a mind to."

I was mentally spent and physically tired. I had planned to stop up ahead and bed down for the night. I told the man this. "Oh," he said.

I moved to go. "When's the last time you slept in a bed?" the man asked.

I sneered a little at that. "A hundred years ago."

"You're welcome to stay for the night," the man said.

Nobody ever invited me to stay over and sleep in their bed. Not in too many years anyway. And never at all since I've been on the road. "You serious?" I asked him.

"Sure," the man said, "Hell, any visitors that stop here come and go so fast, I never even get to know them. This here is lonesome country."

Don't I know it. The world is lonesome. But I leveled with him. I said, "I won't be very good company. I'm dead to the bone."

"But you'll be company," the man said. He told me his name, "Mitch." I told him mine, "Ben."

"You want to take a shower?" Mitch asked, when he showed me the back room. The room wasn't large. And I didn't see a bathroom, let alone a shower.

I felt a sensation between my legs that was like a wet-dream of a thousand years ago. I put my hand in my crotch and felt hair. It wasn't my hair. I opened an eye to discover a head feeding on my cock. My cock was as hard as iron.

"Out back," Mitch said, opening the back door. He switched on an outside light to show a wooden shower stall, a chain hanging from a nozzle, a large tank above. Mosquitoes quickly flared around the lighted bulb. "Better make it a quick one," Mitch said, "You'll be eaten alive."

Mosquitoes or no, I welcomed the shower. I stripped quickly. Mitch showed me how to work the water. I stepped into the wooden shower stall, pulled the chain, moved under the water before the insects had a chance to feed.

Mitch leaned against the door, smiling, chatting while I washed off the dirt of the miles.

"How far you come?" Mitch asked. I released the chain of water. He tossed me the soap.

"Too many miles," I replied, foaming my body.

"From the north?"

"Yep," I said, bending over to wash my feet, hopping on one foot, then the other.

"You're not much of a talker are you?" Mitch asked.

"Not much," I agreed, taking the soap to my hair.

"No matter," Mitch said.

I pulled the chain again, rinsed myself with the cool water from above. When I released the chain, Mitch tossed me a towel, said, "Better get inside before those beasts get to biting you." He opened the door.

I was still dripping wet when Mitch shut the door to the hungry mosquitoes. "Thanks," I said, rubbing myself dry.

Mitch offered me a nightcap, coffee, but I declined. "I'm beat and will be leaving with the morning light," I said.

"Wanna bed down now, then?" Mitch asked, pulling the quilt from the bed.

"Love to," I said.

It was a double bed. I laid on it. It felt soft, too soft for what I'm used to. Mitch sat at the table under a single bare light bulb, sorting out some papers. My eyes shut quickly.

I dreamed about sex. I dreamed I had a man in my arms, I dreamed my fingers roamed the hairs on his chest, I dreamed I kissed him on his thighs. I dreamed I sucked his cock. My mind grew fuzzy and at first I didn't know if I was asleep or awake. I felt a sensation between my legs that was like a wet dream of a thousand years ago. I put my hand in my crotch and felt hair. It wasn't my hair. I opened an eye to discover a head feeding on my cock. My cock was hard as iron.

As soon as my hand touched his head, Mitch popped up, frightened, said, "You mind?"

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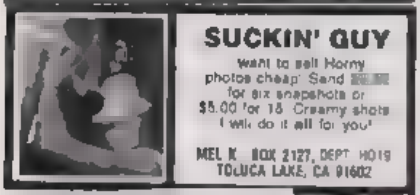
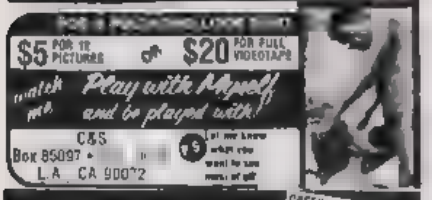




"Never," I said. "I haven't had a blow job since I passed over the Rockies."

Mitch was naked, kneeling between my legs. His cock was pointing up. It was uncut. Precum was oozing out of the foreskin of its head. Mitch leaned back on his haunches. He spit in his hand, laid his palm on my cock and began playing with me with one hand while he jacked his own meat with the other.

I inched my body up to lean against the headboard for a better view. Mitch followed, moving closer. "Let me feel," I said. "I haven't felt another man's cock since Nebraska."

I think Mitch's eyes shined brighter when he realized I wanted to feel his cock. He probably didn't expect it. He knelt up tall. When he did, I could see his nuts clearly. They had as much hair on them as there was on his chest. His nuts hung long, low and loose under his stiff dick.

I reached out with both hands. With one I weighed his balls, heavy, furry, fine. With the other hand, I fisted his cock. It was warm to the touch, pulsated.

"Do you know how long it's been since anybody's felt my cock?" Mitch said. I don't think he was asking me the question, so I didn't answer, just kept massaging his piece, squeezing his nuts. Mitch moaned.

But he did ask me a question that he wanted an answer to. "Will you suck it?" Mitch asked. It wasn't a request, it was an inquiry. I answered by leaning my head over, dropping my hands from his nuts and his dick, licking the head of his cock. There was a sharp taste of salt from his dickhead. A wonderful, seeping, sharp taste of salt. I put my hands on his bare hips, my fingers roaming over behind, up and down the mounds of his ass.

My tongue draped over the head of his cock, trying to work its way inside the protective layer of skin, to feel the whole of the head with my tongue. The skin was tight around his cock. I covered his dickhead with my mouth and again fisted his dick, forced the foreskin down until I felt the mushroom head pop out and blossom inside my mouth. I tapped and mapped my tongue around the head, absorbing its shape, its taste, its color.

Mitch began pushing himself forward, his dick moving further into my mouth. I let him, encouraged him by planting my hands on the back of his ass, egging him on from behind. My hand reached behind Mitch, between his legs, trailing fingers over his hairy, breathing asshole, flickering each hair until I was able to touch, feel his nuts from behind. When I grasped onto them, Mitch again moaned and pushed his hips forward. My nose was being scratched by the hairs above his dick. His dick had no further path to go. It was down inside my throat. I didn't gasp, I sucked, my tongue twirling aound the stick in my mouth. I pushed him back and again grabbed onto his piece before it fell from my lips, painting the roof of my mouth with its head. My hand from behind still held his nuts, pulling them, urging the power inside them on.

Mitch grabbed the hair on my head. He began fucking my face in earnest, grinding his crotch into my face. I welcomed it, the smell, the hairs, the cock. It's been too long. I ate him down, sucked him off. Mitch pumped. I released his dick from my fist, let go of his nuts, grabbed his hips, whirled his ass round and round into my face, pushing his cock deep inside my mouth, his dick traveling a road of its own. A roar was heard from Mitch that shook the tin roof. I felt his cum hit the roof of my mouth. With every grunt he sounded, his dick spit a glob into my mouth. I tasted every drop as it splashed down inside me. I smelled his cum, I drank it, I ate it, I lived for it. I was ravenous.

When Mitch stopped shooting off in my mouth, he leaned his hands against the wall above and behind me, gave off a tired, comfortable laugh. "I'm the one who was supposed to suck you off."

"Yeah, I know," I said. I was still hard, my dick spilt no load. But I was too knocked out to care. And Mitch was too pooped to oblige. I was out like a light with the taste

of Mitch's cum in my mouth aiding me to dream of a better tomorrow.

When I woke up, Mitch was snoring on his stomach. I got up, went outside to take a piss. When I returned, Mitch was awake. "How you doing, sport?" he asked.

"Stayin' alive," I said. "I'm going to hit the road."

Mitch looked out the window, it was cloudy. "Looks like it might rain," he said.

"Can't let that stop me. I have a long road to hoe."

I stepped into my fatigues, buttoned them up, pulled on my shirt. Mitch stayed in bed, leaning on one elbow, watching me. The quilt was on the floor. I tried not to let my eyes stay on his too long. If I got started, I'd never want to leave.

I sat on the bed, pulled on and laced up my boots. I felt Mitch's hand slide down my back, into my lap. His hand found what it was seeking, and it quickly grew hard. I leaned back on the palms of my hands. Mitch sat up, unbuttoned the fly of my fatigues, put his hand inside, and flipped out my dick. It was ready. So was Mitch.

"You got a beautiful cock," he said. "Don't see em much around here, not like that." My cock was cut. "Don't see much of any cocks around here at all, not that I can suck anyway," he continued, admiring my flame. With that, Mitch went down on me. His lips surrounded my cock and he moved down to the floor between my legs. Mitch lifted my nuts out of the fly of my pants. His mouth let go of my dick and fell to my balls, swallowing them, first one then the other then both, while he jacked my dick with his hand. It was too much feeling for me.

"I'm coming," I whispered loudly. As my dick began spouting its milk into the air and onto Mitch's fist, he lifted his head, brushed my spouting cock over his face. I watched my juice spill out, washing his eyebrows, his nose, his cheeks. When my load was shot, Mitch licked the head of my dick clean, swallowed my stem until it too was slick as new.

"I hate to go," I said. "But I have to."

"I fixed you an egg sandwich last night. In the fridge."

"Thanks," I said, took the sandwich.

"Which way to the Rio Grande?" I asked Mitch when he saw me to the door.

"You'll run right into it," Mitch said, nodding straight ahead. I walked down the road, chomping down his sandwich. "Stop on your way back," Mitch yelled from the door. I turned to see him standing there naked. I wished I was coming back. But I knew better.

A roar was heard from Mitch that shook the tin roof. I felt his cum hit the roof of my mouth. With every grunt he sounded, his dick spit a glob into my mouth. I tasted every drop as it splashed down inside me.

I walked for at least three hours. The sky stayed cloudy, the air was humid enough to soak my shirt. I heard, then saw the rush of the Rio Grande. I was a bit overwhelmed by it. I dropped my pack, gazed out across the river and wondered if I could do it. If I didn't, I'd have to cross the bridge, walk past the border guards. The don't give you a passport when you leave federal prison. I had no ID. No car. No choice. I had to swim across.

The sky was dark with clouds, the air was still, the water calm. But I knew that could be deceiving. A calmness from the shore can in reality be a rampage in midstream. I stripped down to nothing, packed everything in my knap sack, wrapped and taped it all in plastic, including my sleeping bag.

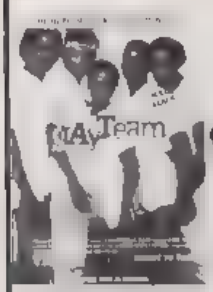
Scrambling down the river bank, I banged my knee against a boulder. It bled. It was at least fifty yards or better to the shore of the other side. In a way, the weather was helpful. With the cover of the gray sky there was less chance of my being spotted.

I didn't doubt my ability to swim the Rio. I could swim. I had a Gold Medal to prove it. Even though a hock shop in San Antonio now owns it. The pack and roll felt comfortable on my shoulders. I stepped into the muddy waters of the Rio. The water was warm. I walked as far as I could, then began swimming. I could feel the strength of the current pulling. But it was easy to fight against it. A quick, wicked gust of wind slooped down and knocked me underwater. I thought I'd lose my pack. I held on and uprighted myself, continuing the swim.

I stopped halfway across, treaded water, rested. It was then I saw a head. I thought I saw it, anyway. It sank underneath the water. My mind was playing tricks. I set off to finish my swim and again saw the object. I was closer this time, and there was no doubt what the object was. A man's head bobbed. I saw arms flailing about. I swam towards him. When I was close enough, the man thrashing about in the water saw me. His eyes were fearful, in panic. They begged me for help. I reached him in time to grab ahold. He reached out with both arms, grasped my neck. My head went underwater. He struggled atop me. I fought to regain the advantage.

I couldn't heave an arm around his neck, to drag the man to shore, not with the weight of sacks on my back. It was either the sacks or the man's life. I didn't have to make a decision. I let my arms loose from the straps of the sack, it floated downstream. The man still lashed out at me, trying to hold on, to breathe, to live. I reached an arm back, swung, and slugged the guy on the jaw. He went out. Now he was dead weight. An easy load to haul.

Cradling his neck in the crook of my arm, I swam one-armed to shore. I lost my bearings. I wasn't sure which side of the border I was on. I dragged the body of the man onto shore. His face was blue, but I checked his neck for a pulse. It



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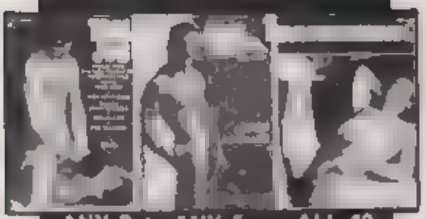

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was there. I gave him artificial respiration, breathing for him, pumping his heart, his lungs. The knowledge I gained from the CPR course was helpful. When the man began breathing evenly and on his own, I let up, caught my breath.

I looked in vain for my knap sack and bedroll. They were not in sight. I also noticed the direction of the current. I was back where I started. But now I was naked, had no clothes, no sleeping roll. Nothing. And I had no idea who this man lying beside me was.

No, that's not entirely true. He looked to be Mexican. His hair was jet black, his skin brown, his body muscular. He was young. Well, he was younger than I was, anyway.

The clouds of the day disappeared to become the clouds of the night. The air turned cooler. My amigo roused himself. He opened his eyes, saw me sitting next to him, as naked as he was. He asked, "Am I in the United States?" His accent was as thick as the black hairs of his crotch.

"Yes," I said.

"You pulled me out?"

"Si."

"Gracias."

He told me his name was Paul, Pablo. He asked where his bag of clothes was. I told him they were probably the same place mine were. Downstream. He noted that I didn't look Spanish. I told him I was swimming the other way. He thought I was crazy. Maybe he was right. The doctors at the clinic thought so.

We walked the road for three hours. Again, back where I began. By the time we stepped onto the proch of Mitch's store, Pablo was shivering and didn't look well. I was cold. When Mitch opened the door his eyes went wide seeing last night's naked mate standing on the porch, and another naked buddy next to him.

While Mitch worked up a meal, and I got Pablo covered in the quilt and lying on the bed, I told Mitch what happened.

Mitch was sympathetic. "Lost everything, huh?"

"Yep."

The food was ready, Pablo was warmed enough to sit at the table,

holding the quilt around him. He said, "Yes, I'm illegal. What could I do? No job, no money, no family, no chance, no choice."

"You should have learned to swim," I pointed out.

"I know how to swim," Pablo said defensively.

"Not good enough," I said, and ladled another cup of stew onto my plate.

"Why you going south?" he asked me.

I don't like to repeat myself. And Mitch already heard as much of my story as anybody would. I said to Pablo, "No job, no money, no family, no choice."

Pablo again looked at me like I was nuts. Let him think what he wants to think, I thought. Mitch made a pot of coffee and I rummaged through his store, hoping to find some cheap duds that Mitch might let me credit. For tomorrow, though, not tonight.

We sat around the table. The room was warm. At the moment, I didn't miss the clothes that weren't on my back. Pablo let the quilt fall onto the floor after the first cup of coffee. Mitch stripped and sat back down. He told Pablo that if he wanted to find work, he'd have to go further north. There was nothing down here. I enjoyed watching Mitch play up to Pablo. I couldn't blame him. Pablo was probably the best looking man within 50 miles. He certainly had it all over the dude I left on the streets of Cheyenne. But I still thought Mitch had it all over Pablo in the ass department.

It was getting late. It was a rough day. Tomorrow promised to be rougher. I made an arangement with Mitch for some clothes and a small knap sack. Pablo made himself at home in the bed. He wasn't sleeping and his body wasn't covered. He had his arms behind his head, watching us. The black hairs under his arms, on his chest, on his belly, on his crotch, glistened from the bare light bulb.

"We all going to sack out together?" I asked Mitch, nodding to the bed, and the man in it.

"Why not?" Mitch said. He doused the light. When my eyes adjusted to the darkness I saw Mitch walk over and kneel between Pablo's outstretched and hairy legs. He laid his head in Pablo's crotch. His mouth covered Pablo's cock. But not for long. He sucked up to expose the hard piece of Pablo's dark meat. Then his face went down again, consuming the dick. I knelt at the edge of the bed to get a closer look.

Pablo looked at me and winked. He was enjoying the blow job. He pushed his hips up to feed Mitch more. Mitch took it all. Pablo glanced his eyes down to my cock. It was standing up. I stood up with it, stepped onto the bed, moved behind Mitch, straddled his back. Mitch felt the heat of my nuts as I bent my knees and brushed my balls over his back, my dick hard and following their trail. My balls slid down the crack of Mitch's ass. I bent lower. My dick rested in the hollow of the crack, nestled in the mounds and surrounded by those tiny, fine, magical hairs.

Mitch's slurping of Pablo's dick became loud and greedy. Pablo held fast onto Mitch's head, pumping himself into Mitch's face. I continued my journey, my dick pointing the way. It slid between Mitch's legs. I felt the head of my dripping cock bounce and scrape against Mitch's nuts. Mitch reacted. He pushed his ass back to me. I pushed forward to bounce his nuts against the head of my dick. My cock slid off his nuts and pressed against another hard cock. I remember it well. I ate it last night.

Mitch's hands were wrapped onto the hairs of Pablo's chest, his mouth was unrelenting on Pablo's dick. I bent my body over Mitch's, my chest to his back, clasped him around the waist with both arms, holding tight. I let my dick stay between Mitch's outspread legs, running and rubbing my piece up to his balls. My arms went under Mitch's elbows. The sweat under his arm pits was strong. I pulled Mitch upright. His mouth sprang off Pablo's cock. I held him, my cock pressing between his legs, uplifting his nuts, the hairs of his crack. It drove Mitch to the wall. He leaned his head back, let me bite on his neck. I smothered my mouth into his flesh.

Pablo stood up on the bed. His dick pointed at Mitch's face. Mitch welcomed it with open mouth and sucking throat. I held Mitch tall on his knees while he sucked on Pablo's tool, Pablo standing tall and spreading wide, fucking Mitch's face, riding his head, pounding into Mitch's throat. With each jab of Pablo's cock into Mitch, his nuts bounced against Mitch's chin. I had a close-up view, only inches away. I heard and saw Mitch suck every inch of Pablo's cock. With every suck he took, I felt it. I breathed with it. When Mitch's mouth was full of cock, mine was too. When Pablo's balls banged against Mitch's chin, I felt the pressure.

My dick was throbbing between Mitch's legs, chafing, coughing, spitting. I clutched Mitch, pulling him into me as one. My cock spit on his nuts. Mitch was fighting to keep every inch of Pablo's cock in his mouth. Pablo held Mitch's head, his hips pushed onto Mitch's face. Pablo groaned and moaned enough to wake the dead. I felt, I tasted every drop of cum that Pablo's dick was spilling down the throat of Mitch, every drop of cum I was spouting between Mitch's legs. I agonized with his climax and mine. Two cannons shot off completely and satisfactorily. Pablo fell one way, Mitch and I the other.

We must have fallen asleep that way. But when we woke up, Pablo's dick was stiff again. I watched from my side of the bed while he fucked the shit out of Mitch's ass. When I made coffee, Pablo was still poking Mitch. When I got dressed, Mitch was feeding on Pablo's dick again. When I walked out the door, they were sucking each other off.

I headed again to the banks of the Rio Grande. I had to swim it again. And I did, successfully this time. I walked almost the length of Mexico on the same wing and a prayer that I started this journey with. With a little luck and the assistance of my guardian angel, I managed to acquire a motor scooter. I drove towards the border of Guatemala ■

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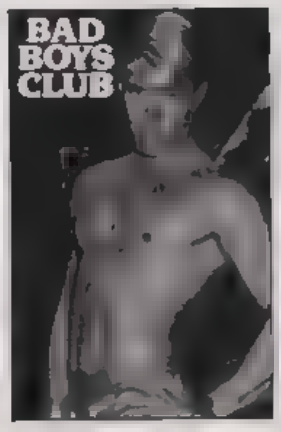

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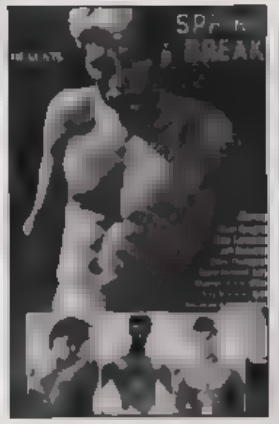

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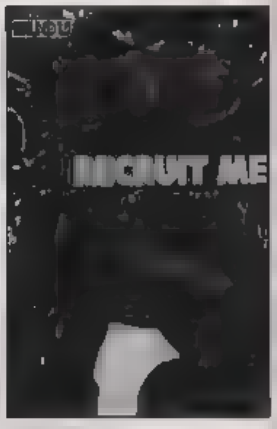

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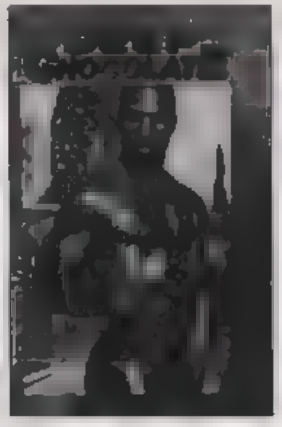

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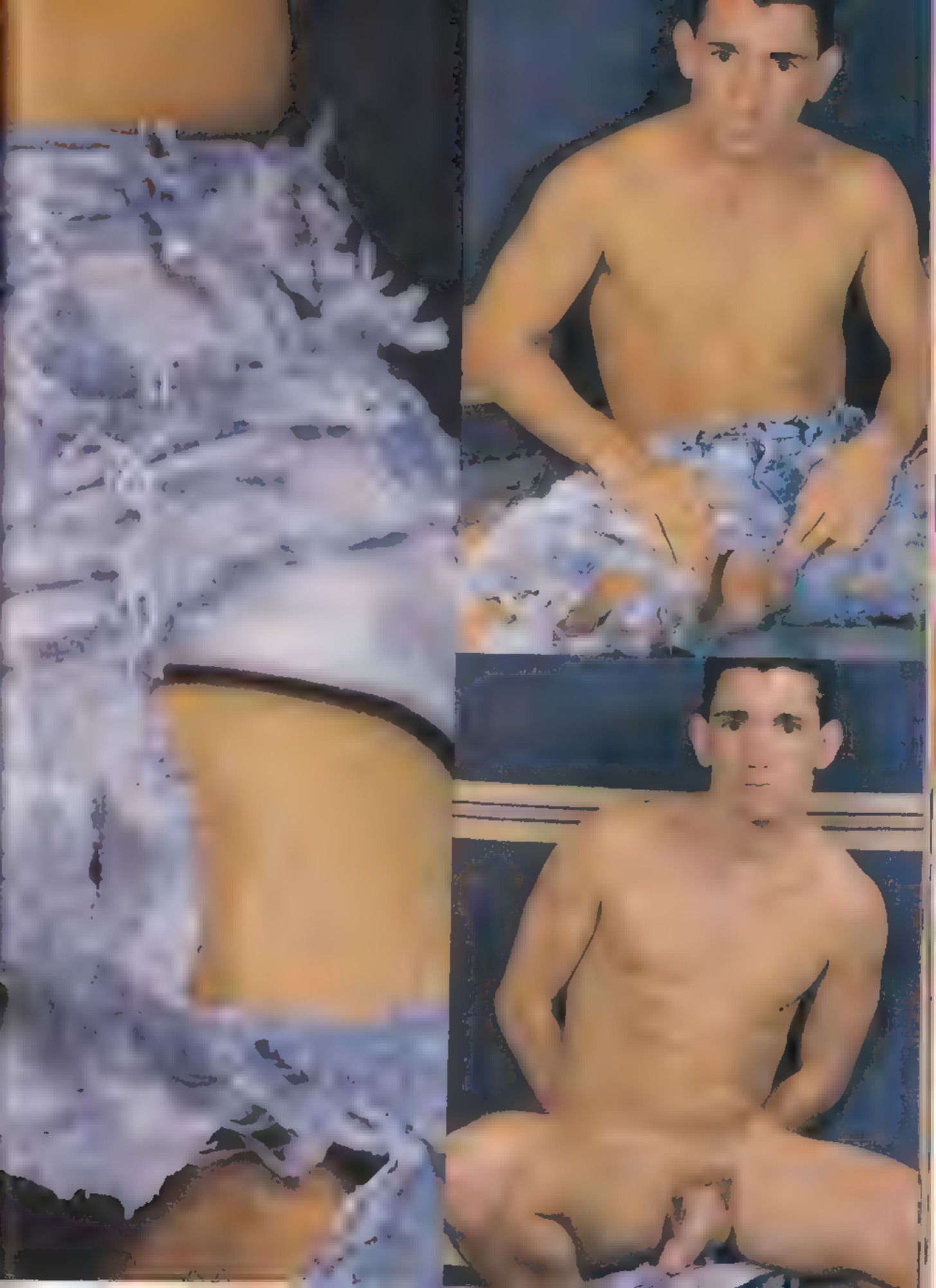

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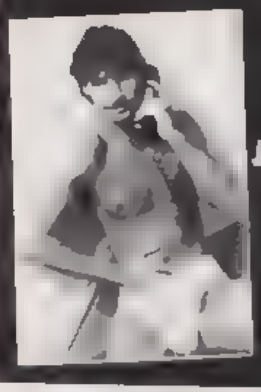

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supposed to sweep up last night but didn't. If you sweep the cigarette butts and crap off the floor, you can have any magazine in the store free."

"Yeah? What I really need is some money to get a burrito."

"Okay, I'll give you three bucks."

The Latino stud swept the floor. He was hot looking, had a nice ass and an ample crotch bulge. I wanted to get my hands on that dick of his. He not only swept the floor, he took the feather duster and dusted off the magazines.

"What's your name?"

"Antonio."

"Where you from?"

"Tijuana."

"Hey, I like Mexican food. Why don't you get a burrito for me too? Get us a couple of Cokes too."

"Alright. Thanks, man."

After the Mexican left, I figured I was stupid. He'd probably burn me for the six bucks. I could make it up by stealing like Jake, but I wasn't a thief.

I hustled two films to a Japanese man, told him to put them in his dirty laundry to get them past Customs and didn't charge him any tax. He was happy. A black woman came in to buy a dildo. I asked her if she wanted black or white. She said flesh color.

I'd given up on Antonio. With his smoldering good looks and easy smile, he'd suckered me. I should have known better. Just then he came into the store with the food.

I locked the front door and put the "Back in 10 minutes" sign on the door. I invited Antonio back into the storeroom, where we sat on boxes and chowed down on beef burritos.

There were some new girlie magazines that I hadn't ironed into cellophane yet. Antonio started thumbing through them. The burrito had hot salsa on it which made my mouth burn. I washed it down with Coke

If I wasn't mistaken, I noticed that my young Mexican friend had the beginnings of a boner.

"You look like you got a big dick."

I pointed to his tented crotch.

"Yeah, I got a big one."

"Go ahead, take it out. You can jack-off, if you want to."

"Not now, man."

"What are you saving it for? Maybe you'd like a blowjob."

"I like to fuck. You know some bitches?

"Just me."

Antonio laughed but gave me a puzzled look. I didn't know what I was saying. I'd never been fucked before. I'd done all the fucking with Sanchez in the Army. All of a sudden I wanted this hot hombre to fuck me.

He didn't think I was serious until I dropped my pants and showed him my ass.

"You want to fuck me?"

"Man, I never fuck no puto before."

"Me neither. I've never been fucked before but I'd like to try it."

While Antonio was debating on my proposal, I could tell by the stiffness of his crotch that he'd do it. He'd fuck my virgin ex-soldier butt.

I slobbered on his uncut cock just enough to get it lubed for penetration. For a short stud, he was hung big. His cock was as fat as a burrito.

Like a slut, I leaned over the stack of cardboard boxes and the Mexican rammed his cock up my dirty road. It hurt like anything but I bit my lip to keep from screaming. When my asshole expanded to engulf his cock, the pain turned to pleasure. He fucked fast and hard, his big balls slapping my buns, like his goal was for speed, to get his cock off fast.

I liked getting fucked, like I knew I would. Antonio was all studmeat. He sweated heavily, moaned and said dirty words in Spanish, the way Sanchez had. Only this was the turn of the screw, I was getting fucked.

"I cum!" he shouted.

His big fat Mexican cock burrowed deep in my guts and exploded, shooting his hot salsa deep inside me. I didn't even touch my own cock; it blasted my load against the side of the stack of cardboard boxes, and dripped down.

I liked the young Mexican stud and what he did to me. He acted sort of embarrassed when he shook the last cum drop off his cock onto the floor and stuffed his still-hard prick back into his blue jeans.

"I gotta go, man."

I unlocked the front door for him. I wanted to see him again, to have him fuck me again, but he was in a big hurry to split. Like he felt guilty about what he did, maybe because he enjoyed it too much. Maybe it was his first time with another man. He was the first one to fuck my ass.

I thought I'd see him again but I never did. I looked at all the Mexican guys on Market Street, in United Nations Plaza and around St. Anthony's where they got free meals. No sign of Antonio. Maybe Immigration got him. Maybe he just went back to Tijuana.

My fuck store clerk job ended when the owner sold the business to a chain outfit. They had their own people and I was out of work. I thought I could get on at another fuck store but when they heard who I worked for, it was like the kiss of death.

For a moment I even considered going back into the Army. Suddenly I realized why I was so unhappy, it wasn't because I'd lost my job. I missed Sanchez. It took a Mexican stranger fucking me to realize what I really wanted. I got the Greyhound bus to Las Cruces, New Mexico, hoping that Sanchez missed me half as much as I missed him. ■

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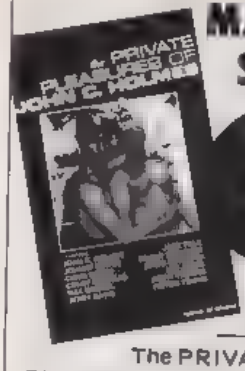

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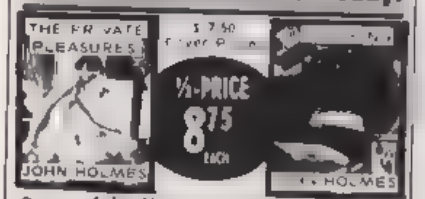

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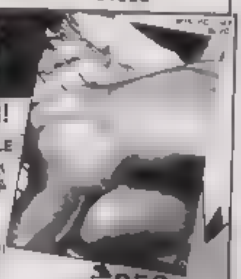

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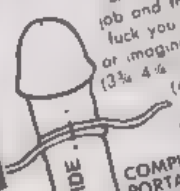

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

G.I. BILL

it. Deeper and deeper until he choked, slightly, and then he would come back up on the shaft, returning for another try. He pulled and stretched my ballsac all the time he was sucking my dick, playing with each ball. The sensation was terrific. The pleasure could not possibly be topped. I was loving this.

The pace seemed to quicken slightly. The strokes down my cock intensified and Jesse moved a hand onto my cock, jerking me off into his mouth, his tongue always darting around the head. He was teasing me with his tongue, driving me with more purpose to an ejaculation. His other hand left my balls and began massaging his own cock. His breathing was becoming frantic and mine matched his. I knew I was going to cum. There was going to be no stopping it now. What should I do? Should I "warn" him? Announce that I was going to cum? Was cumming in his mouth part of the event, or was that stepping over the edge?

As I was pondering the questions, the answer arrived. My cock swelled and pulsed and Jesse knew the moment was here. He pulled his mouth off of my cock, but continued jerking me off. He also continued wildly jerking himself off. With one deep breath, I shot my load into the air. It felt like I was going to cum forever. We didn't speak. It seemed all we could do was moan and grunt and try to catch our breath. Jesse shot his load and I could feel his warm cum hit my leg and foot. Yet he didn't stop. Another spasm from my cock and a wad of cum hit his face. Pure snow white cum on his shiny ebony skin. More cum hit my foot and more cum hit his chest. Would we never stop? Every muscle in my body was flexed. I felt like I could do anything. And then it was over.

With one final jolt, my legs turned into jelly. I felt light-headed and thought that if I didn't sit down that I was going to faint. Every drop of my blood was in my dick and my brain was in need. Jesse released my cock and leaned back against the wall of the cave. I sat down and leaned against the opposite wall. We did not speak. Jesse closed his eyes and continued playing with his now semi-erect dick. Slow strokes up and down his dick, savoring the event. Basking in the after-glow. I too was basking. The blood drained from my cock and then returned to help my brain begin functioning again. I watched a small stream of cum run down Jesse's chest, and smiled. I closed my eyes and fell asleep.

We were awakened hours later by our radio screeching at us. Oh yes, we weren't alone in the world. Our commander was trying to reach us. The game was over. Return to base immediately. Reality set in. I was delightfully aware of the dried cum and sweat covering my body.

"Fuck man. Back to work. We better clean up and haul our asses back to the base."

We both cleaned up in the river, got dressed and packed up our gear. We spoke only of the games and wondered which side had "won" and wished for our own bunks and a hot shower. The "event" was over. My mind was working it over and over again in my head, but my mouth was not going to put words to it. Two men have sex and then walk away from it. It is a sexual event, not a loving one. Two men making love is "queer," but we were not queers. I kept thinking about Jesse's mouth on my cock and I knew I would remember every detail of it for a long time.

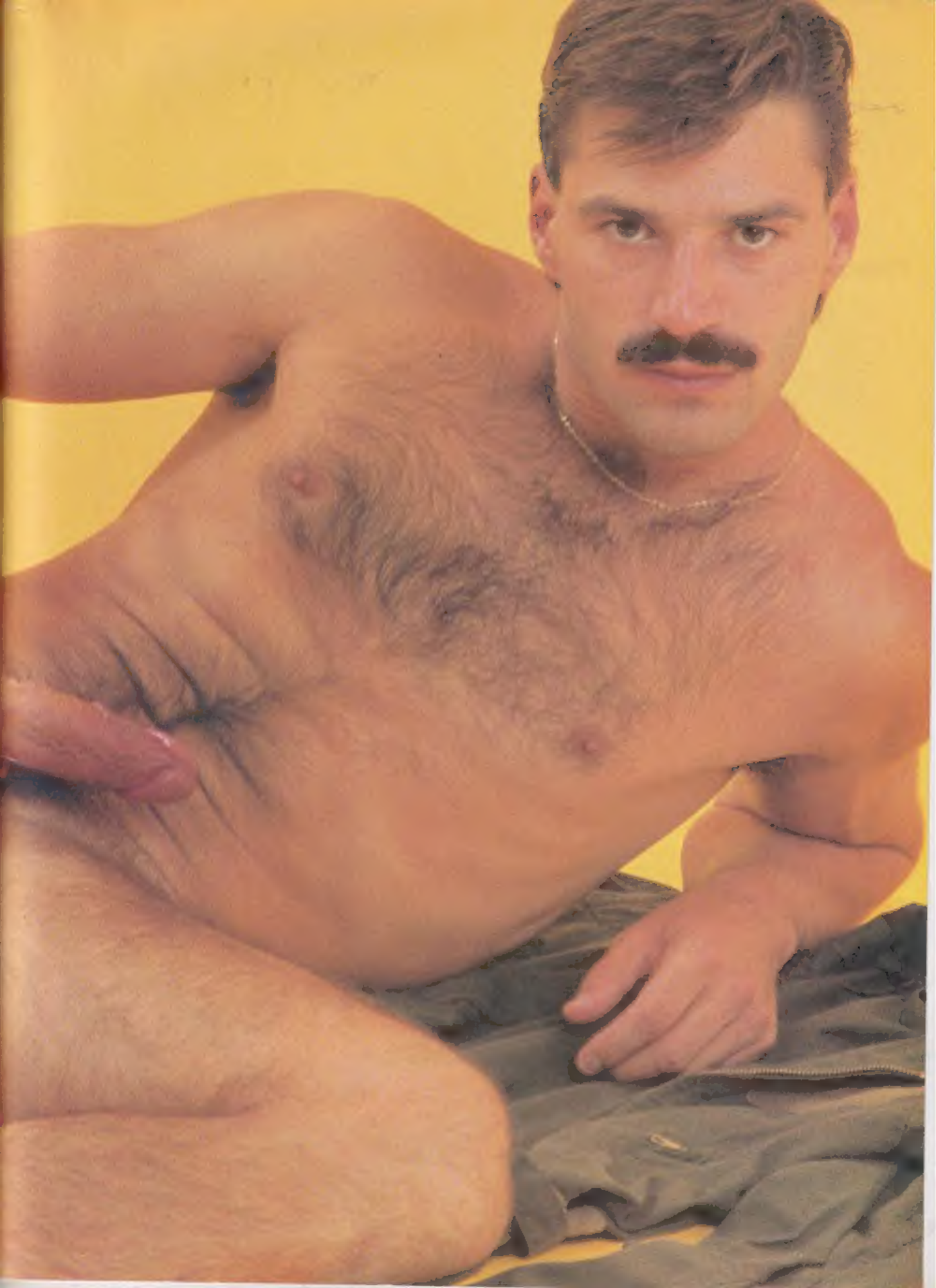
We marched back to the base and resumed our military training. The last weeks were boring and seemingly endless. The uncertainty of where our military "careers" were going to take us hung heavily over us, but new assignments, new faces and new buddies loomed ahead.

On the flight home to see my folks and my brothers, I reached into my duffle bag and found a note. It was from Jesse. It read:

I guess you'll need to find a new fantasy now. All good things to you, Billy.

Your buddy, Jesse. ■

MECHANIC'S
TOOL



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